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Current Events

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

J. H. THOMAS, political secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, England, and colonial secretary in His Majesty's government, under the premiership of Ramsay MacDonald, has just returned to England from a visit to Canada. Mr. Thomas did not open his mouth about the great miners' strike during his stay on this hemisphere—at least not publicly. And on his return, he was not interested in how the struggling coal diggers and their families were getting along. But he was happy to tell the imperialists that the Canadians were crazy about the empire and would never desert their glorious traditions for the sake of affiliation with the United States.

THUS spoke Thomas, the man who once pretended to be a socialist, and still considered one, by American socialists. Thomas spoke too soon about the Canadian's love for the empire. The result of the Canadian elections prove otherwise. The Liberal Party of Canada plays up to a strong mass leaning for a rupture with the empire and a closer relationship with the United States. The interests of imperialism are closer to Thomas' heart than those of the British working class.

RUDYARD KIPLING has turned another chunk of literary offal loose on the public. Like most British poets (working-class poets excepted), Kipling is a rhyming press agent for British imperialism. For many years back, his output only bears favorable comparison with that of an advertising agency. Kipling's memory will be honored for what he wrote before he became corrupted with the wages of popularity. In his latest book he versifies for the cancellation of the British war debt to the United States. This is about as low as the imagination can conceive a poet sinking to, unless he were to write come-on jingles for a bawdy-house barker.

ANOTHER testimony to the wisdom of practical politicians! The Detroit Federation of Labor once paid lip service to the principle of independent working-class political action. Then it slipped and for the past few years has been operating as a political auxiliary to Mayor Smith. The federation officials had a falling-out with the latter and they supported Governor Groesbeck in his campaign for recompensation on the G. O. P. ticket while Mayor Smith supported Groesbeck's opponent.

GROESBECK was defeated and the capitalist politicians in Detroit can now tell the D. F. of L. that its influence on voters is nil and is not worth a dog catcher's job. Smith seems to have taken to himself the vote that formerly obeyed the direction of the labor council. And after Smith milked the federation dry he turned the cow loose on the highway. This is another testimony to the futility of non-partisan political action. Rewarding your friends and defeating your enemies. Bosh! The only practical politicians are the Communists who stick to the class program and avoid short-cuts that lead the workers in the capitalist corral.

UNLESS France stops harboring enemies of fascism, Mussolini will show his teeth. Despite the "duce's" assumed "nonchalance" over the latest attempt on his life it is said that even popping champagne bottles no longer intrigue him as they used. France will not turn Mussolini's enemies out into the cold or be draped around a fascist dagger. Thanks to the conflicts between capitalist states, the pirates sometimes hasten their own end by helping the enemies of their rivals.

THE situation is something like this: Italy wants room to expand. She looks with an hungry eye on France's African possessions and again at Turkey. Italy is lying across France's (Continued on page 6)

GOVERNMENT MOVES TO REINSTATE CONVICTIONS OF 25 CHICAGO LABOR UNIONISTS TRIED HERE IN 1921

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—An appeal will be taken to the supreme court this October to reinstate the convictions of 25 persons who were indicted in Chicago for alleged conspiracy between building trades unions and contractors, the department of justice announced today.

The indictments were returned in 1921 against the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners and manufacturers of millwork. In the trial in 1923, the carpenters were convicted and the manufacturers were acquitted. The second court of appeals reversed the convictions by upholding the carpenters' contention that there was no antitrust law violation because inter-state commerce was not involved.

Madeiros Gave Confession In Danger of Life

By ESTHER LOWELL.

Special to The Daily Worker.

DEDHAM, Mass., Sept. 16.—Celestino Madeiros took a great risk when, at the time he was appealing for a new trial after being sentenced to death for the murder of a Wrentham bank cashier, he confessed to participation in the South Braintree murder and robbery for which Sacco and Vanzetti have been unjustly convicted, was the opening argument of defense council in the hearing for a new trial for the two Italian workers.

The sanity of Madeiros has been granted by both the prosecution and defense. Madeiros said that when he saw Mrs. Sacco and her children visit the prison to see their husband and father, he "felt sorry for the kids," according to witnesses and made the confession, even at the risk of his own freedom. At the same time he refused to implicate others by his confession.

A summary of the details contained in the deposition taken of Madeiros' confession shows a marked similarity to the facts established by the defense about the crime at the original Sacco and Vanzetti trial.

Morelli Counsel Nervous.

Daniel Geary, counsel for the Morelli gang who are under charges for stealing freight cars and are the gang implicated in the South Braintree murder by the Madeiros confession, has refused to give Sacco, Vanzetti counsel confidential information "which might tend to incriminate my clients."

Federal Agents' Testimony.

In his argument today, Thompson stressed the uncontradicted testimony of the federal agents who told of the participation of the department of justice in the frame-up of Sacco and Vanzetti. "Who is a worse murderer," he said, "than the man who takes eight dollars a day from the government to try to convict two men he knows are innocent for murder for the benefit of a chief who wanted the nomination for president of the United States?"—probably meaning A. Mitchell Palmer, attorney-general at the time.

Attacks Former D. A.

Thompson also attacked former District Attorney Katzman for allowing a radical speech by Sacco to be used in the trial. Thompson charges this was Katzman's share of a bargain with federal agents hoping Sacco would give information to be used against his friends.

The defense lawyer also took occasion to ridicule the witnesses of the state as crooks, pimps and common street walkers, incomparable to defense witness John Richards, former United States Marshal of Rhode Island, a reputable lawyer who prosecuted Caraway's hint that Walker "got money for handling the labor vote."

"There is no labor vote in Illinois and the trade unions cannot be handled," the convention declared. Some of the delegates thought that the senatorial slush fund committee, Senators Reed and LaFollette, did not do enough to help Walker get clear of the charge of corruption.

Harry Jensen and Edwin B. Wright, of the carpenters and printers respectively, brought in a committee resolution eulogizing Walker in the highest terms.

A measure is introduced backed by this sort of thing to increase the salary of Walker and Olander from \$5,000 a year to \$7,000.

Discussion on senatorial candidates is shut off by a motion to confine endorsement of candidates to state and local officers.

THE working class of America is forced to struggle. It has to struggle whether it wants to or not. It is the task of The DAILY WORKER to give expression to this struggle, to rally the whole working class to the aid of the sections which are attacked, to expose the enemies of the workers—in and out of the labor movement—to teach the inevitability of struggle and prepare our class for it.

There are important struggles in progress in America now.

Three of them alone are enough to show the varied character of these struggles and the different sectors on which the battle rages:

1. The struggle to save Sacco and Vanzetti from the electric chair.
2. The strike of 15,000 textile workers in Passaic.

Mussolini Reported Assassinated; Rumor Lacks Confirmation

LONDON, Sept. 16.—The Italian embassy stated this evening that it had no information concerning rumors current here that Premier Mussolini had been assassinated by a woman. The embassy stated that the rumors were undoubtedly false.

GENEVA, Sept. 16.—Count Salazar, Italian delegate to the League of Nations, made frantic efforts to establish telephone connections with Milan this afternoon in an attempt to make inquiries concerning the London rumor of Mussolini being assassinated by a woman.

Count Salazar was unable to get a connection with Milan, after half an hour's attempt. He then made at tempts to get in telephonic communication with Rome.

BUTLER UNVEILS DAUGHERTY LIFE IN WASHINGTON

Lived with McLean and Jesse Smith

(Special to The Daily Worker)

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Morton D. Miller, a butler, was the first witness called today at the conspiracy trial in federal court of Harry M. Daugherty and Colonel Thomas W. Miller.

Daugherty, formerly attorney general of the United States, and Miller, formerly alien property custodian, are alleged by the government to have failed to give their best moral and mental efforts in appraising a \$7,000,000 claim of the German-controlled American Metals company—assets seized during the war as alien property.

Miller testified that he had been at one time employed by Edward B. McLean, Washington publisher, and that later when Daugherty and his close friend, Jesse Smith, went to live in McLean's house in Washington, he was employed by them.

The witness said Daugherty and Smith moved into McLean's house at 1509 N. street, Washington, D. C., on March 5, 1921, and stayed there many months.

Jesse Paid Bills.

"I acted as butler for them," Miller testified. "They used Mr. McLean's private office and slept upstairs in his home. Mr. Daugherty using the front bedroom and Smith having a room in the back. While there Daugherty and Smith frequently went away over week-ends."

"Who paid the expenses run up by Daugherty and Smith while they were in McLean's house?" the prosecution asked.

"Jesse Smith," replied Miller.

Smith paid the bills by checks, he said.

"Did you ever see the check book," he was asked.

"Yes, it was on the Midland National Bank, Washington Courthouse, Ohio."

(Continued on page 3)

3. The struggle of the rank and file of the United Mine Workers of America to clean out corruption in their union, defeat John L. Lewis and organize the non-union fields? Then subscribe for The DAILY WORKER for a coal miner. SEND IN A SUBSCRIPTION AND THE DAILY WORKER WILL BE SENT TO A MEMBER OF THE U. M. W. of A.

Do You Want To Fight For Your Class?

THEN here are three great struggles in which you can take part.

You do not need to be a miner to help defeat the corrupt union leadership and save the union.

You do not need to be a textile worker to be able to take part in the Passaic strike.

You do not have to live in Massachusetts to help save Sacco and Vanzetti.

The DAILY WORKER is the only daily in the United States published in the English language which gives all the news of all these struggles and which puts forward the correct program for fighting and winning them.

Do You Want To Save Sacco And Vanzetti?

THEN HAVE THE DAILY WORKER SENT TO EVERY CITIZEN OF MASSACHUSETTS!

Send The DAILY WORKER a subscription and it will send the paper to a Massachusetts worker.

MINE STRIKE NEEDS URGENT, SAYS PURCELL

Quick Aid Vital; World Labor Must Assist

(Special to The Daily Worker)

BERLIN (By Mail).—The president of the International Federation of Trade Unions (Amsterdam), A. A. Purcell, who recently was in Berlin, made the following statement to a representative of the International Press Correspondence, who asked the aim of his

Our journey to Berlin is a section of our program to obtain financial assistance for the British miners as quickly as possible, for both the Miners' Federation of Great Britain and the General Council are convinced that the coming month will see the culminating point in the struggle of the British miners. If the latter are able to hold out another three weeks then they will win, altho the difficulties facing them are tremendous.

Use Army to Break Strike.

The government has sent the army into the coal districts so that it can be used at any time against the miners. Not only the police have been mobilized in masses against the miners, but a special police force with mounted sections has been mobilized.

The magistrates are mostly representatives of the coal barons, who punish and fling in the most unheard of style, hundreds of miners into prison for crimes which are very often no crimes at all. In its merciless struggle against the miners the government even goes so far as to instruct the local authorities to cut or even abolish completely the support which the miners receive to feed their wives and children.

Over and above that, miners' families who, on account of their desperate situation, are unable to pay rent, are mercilessly evicted from their cottages. The fact that under such circumstances the miners have been able to hold out for 17 weeks in an iron front with only absolutely negligible break here and there, proves the heroic character of the struggle which is now going on.

The coming weeks will bring a decision and this decision will go in favor of the miners if the workers abroad do all they can to support their British comrades. It must be continually stressed that this struggle of the British miners is no purely British struggle, but a struggle the outcome of which will be of the greatest significance for the whole international working class.

Should the British mine owners be successful in forcing an increase of the working hours, then this will quickly make itself felt in the other countries where the employers will follow the British example and similarly demand an increase of the working hours.

Should the British mine owners be successful in abolishing the national agreement, then this would mean an attack upon agreements altogether. It would go so far that there would be no longer agreements for whole branches of industry, but for districts.

(Continued on page 3)

DO YOU WANT THE MINERS TO CLEAN OUT CORRUPTION IN THEIR UNION, DEFEAT JOHN L. LEWIS AND ORGANIZE THE NON-UNION FIELDS? Then subscribe for The DAILY WORKER for a coal miner. SEND IN A SUBSCRIPTION AND THE DAILY WORKER WILL BE SENT TO A MEMBER OF THE U. M. W. of A.

Make yourself a factor in this tremendous struggle.

DO YOU WANT THE PASSAIC STRIKERS TO WHIP THE TEXTILE BARONS, THEIR POLICE AND JUDGES, AND GET A WAGE INCREASE AND RECOGNITION OF THE UNION THEY HAVE WORKED AND FOUGHT NINE MONTHS TO BUILD?

Then have The DAILY WORKER sent to another worker who is not yet a reader of it.

IF you want to be part of all the struggles of our class this is the way it can be done. Let The DAILY WORKER speak for you to other workers and carry your fighting message to them.

"Keep The Daily Worker!"

Keep it in the forefront of the struggles of the whole American working class.

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE SACCO AND VANZETTI?

THEN HAVE THE DAILY WORKER SENT TO EVERY CITIZEN OF MASSACHUSETTS!

Send The DAILY WORKER a subscription and it will send the paper to a Massachusetts worker.

Strikers Will Defy Tyranny of N. Y. Courts

(Special to The Daily Worker)

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—"Injunctions do not make cloaks," is the answer that Louis Hyman, chairman of the New York joint board of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and leader of the strike of 40,000 cloakmakers, gives to the sweeping temporary writ handed down by Supreme Court Justice Charles M. Guy against the union and in behalf of the Industrial Council of Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers, Inc.

"Sooner or later," continued Hyman, "the manufacturers will have to come to terms with the union. Every effort that they make to delay the final settlement will redound to their own disadvantage. They can get the workers back into their shops not thru the intervention of the governor nor thru an injunction, but only by conceding to their workers their just demands."

The writ is so sweeping that even pro-strike articles in the union journal might lead to arrests if it were fully enforced. Virtually all strike activities are prohibited.

Will Defy Court Tyranny.

The talk in union circles is that the union will stand on the constitutional rights of its members and go about its business as before if the court attempts to affirm the temporary order.

500 Arrests in One Day.

Nearly six hundred arrests were made the morning after the injunction, pickets and strikers generally being swept up on the sidewalks by police. But city magistrates discharged 540 of these, fining the rest \$2 each. He would not consider injunction violation charges, holding that till the individual unionists were personally served with copies of the writ they could not be held under it.



Santos Dumont, famous Brazilian authority on aeronautics and known as the world's greatest balloonist has refused a government offer to make him air general of Brazil. He said he does not desire to make his own invention, the navigable balloon, an instrument of destructive warfare.

BRITISH MAKE READY TO WAR UPON CHINESE

SHANGHAI, Sept. 16.—A strong British force prepared for a punitive expedition against the Chinese under General Yang-chen in Szechuan province, where the battle took place recently and two ships of British ownership are being held for damages, is waiting at Hankow for instructions from London.

Anti-British Feeling High.

Meanwhile Rear Admiral John Ewen Cameron has gone up the Yangtze to Ichang, with a view to conferring with Yang-chen, who says he is willing to hand over the two steamers. As a result of the British massacre of 5,000 in the Wanhsien clash, however, the Chinese throughout Szechuan province are advocating a boycott against the British. Anti-British feeling is running high at Chungking.

Cantonese Consolidate Position.

In the Hankow region the Cantonese are moving south and east to expel Sun Chuan-fang's troops from Kiangsi province. Wu Peifu is quiet and has not sent the column he promised against the Cantonese at Changsha. The Cantonese are moving along the Peking-Hankow

NONPARTISANISM OF DETROIT LABOR OFFICIALS FAILS

Groesbeck Defeat Bares Shady Deals

Governor Groesbeck went down to ignominious defeat in the primary election today and with him crashed the policy of class-collaboration which, under the leadership of Frank Martel, the Detroit Federation of Labor has been pursuing for some years.

Altogether the Detroit labor movement was strong for independent political action in 1920, even running a candidate for governor, the results were too slow for those in control who felt that it was more expedient to sell the labor movement than to build it politically.

The first horse trading was in local offices, judgements and petty appointive positions in which Martel demonstrated the practicability of the policy sufficiently to crush any opposition.

Second Venture.

The next venture was in the support of Postmaster Smith for Mayor of Detroit. The labor movement outdid itself in fawning before this capitalist politician, the district council of the carpenters even adjourning its meeting to attend a rally in his behalf. However, the leaders had lost all shame by now and any arguments on working class principles and decency were either automatically suppressed or given "practical" answers.

This period witnessed the spectacle of Dennis E. Batt, the self-appointed representative of the Communist International, winning on the republican ballot in the primaries and coming in 34th—a slight slip-up of practicability.

"Practical Politics."

In this period also Dennis E. Batt and John T. Taylor, a former socialist, as delegates to the Michigan Federation of Labor supported a motion to recommend raising the salary of the governor to \$15,000 per year while they approved a maximum of \$14 per week compensation for the injured workers and defended such treachery on the floor of the Detroit Federation of Labor.

During the last few months a struggle between the jitney drivers and the city has found Martel as ever ready to champion the cause of petty owners with the result that he has had a sharp break with the street carmen's organization and with Mayor Smith. This development seriously weakened the position of Martel and he bet all his chips on Groesbeck and a support of the jitneys hoping to humble Mayor Smith and pay his henchmen with patronage which Groesbeck might swing his way.

The returns of today constitute a "practical" repudiation of everything that Martel's policy includes. The labor movement is bitterly divided over issues which should never confront it and the consciousness of the workers is decidedly below what it was in 1920 after the first farmer-labor campaign.

But the consequences of this policy extend much further. Petty political influence shields many shady actions and the political "prestige" of Martel and al has aided "allies" to run blind pigs and gambling dens in and near the labor halls, including one in the official home of the Detroit Federation of Labor. Martel has been censured by a friendly judge for attempting to use influence in other than labor cases.

The organization policy of the Detroit Federation of Labor has not escaped the blight of this mistaken policy either. Instead of initiating a policy of organizing the workers in the basic industries where, as the experience of Passaic indicates, the forces of the state, police, judges, state constabulary, etc., must be openly fought, Martel has chosen to center his efforts on master barbers, hand laundry owners, cleaners and dyers, waitresses, etc., where slippery tactics pass as methods of class struggle.

Martel's power and policy rests upon the least important and least basic of the workers. He knows that even the active participation of even the few workers of the more basic industries now organized would send him into a deserved oblivion.

Martel works like those whom he ousted, to feather his nest and prepare a political roost when the workers get wise to him. The needs of the workers will only become the basis of the Federation policy when Martel joins Groesbeck on the scrap heap.

Martel's role is the same as Farrington's except that the workers do not recognize scabbing on the political field as readily at present. When they do Martel will take his pay openly and direct.

Get a copy of the American Worker Correspondent. It's only 5 cents.

WCFL Radio Program

Chicago Federation of Labor radio broadcasting station WCFL is on the air with regular programs. It is broadcasting on a 49.5 wave length from the Municipal Pier.

TONIGHT.

6:00 p. m.—Chicago Federation of Labor talks and bulletins.
6:15 to 6:30—Fable Lady—Stories for children.
6:30 to 8:15—The Florentino String Trio dinner music; Harold Grossman, pianist; Clarence Theders, baritone; Vella Cook, contralto.
8:15 to 8:30—Alamo Cafe Orchestra.
8:30 to 9:00—Joe Warner, gloom chaser; Cooke Sisters, harmony songs; WCFL Ensemble.
10:00 to 2:00 a. m.—Alamo Cafe Orchestra and Entertainers.

CONNECTICUT PARTY UNITS START REAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN ACTIVITY

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 16.—With an open air meeting addressed by J. Louis Engdahl, editor of The DAILY WORKER, and a literature distribution in the heart of Hartford's factory district, the state and congressional campaign of the Workers (Communist) Party got under way here today in earnest. Petitions are being circulated throughout the state with every indication that all the candidates will get on the ballot for the November election.

CASHIER IS CHOSEN QUEEN OF WORKING GIRLS IN WICHITA



In a new kind of beauty contest conducted in Wichita, Kans., Miss Ruth Hess, shown above, was chosen Queen of the city's working girls. She is a cashier for Western Union.

MEXICAN TROOPS AMBUSHED WHILE PURSUING YAQUIS

Jail Catholic Bishop for Fighting Laws

(Special to The Daily Worker)

MEXICO CITY, Sept. 16.—Reports from the state of Sonora say that the Yaqui Indians have ambushed a battalion of pursuing Mexican infantry near the village of Vicam, killing many troops and forcing the remainder to retreat. The Yaquis are supposed to have been incited by catholic opponents to the Calles government.

Bishop Issues Illegal Leaflet.

A catholic bishop, Jesus Mario Echeverria, has been sent from the state of Coahuila to Mexico City under arrest for publishing a leaflet for bidding catholic children to attend the government schools.

The catholics are holding religious ceremonies in homes, to take the place of church services, the priests continuing their strike against services in the churches. Priests are hearing confessions in private homes and collecting fees for these and other services outside the churches.

Government After Bandits.

The government troops are still in pursuit of the bandits who on September 12 held up an automobile party of Americans at Cuernavaca and kidnapped Jacob Rosenthal, 62, retired merchant of Long Island, N. Y. He is being held for ransom, and fears are felt that because of his age and exposure he may be ill. The kidnappers also threaten to kill the captive if pursued.

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PARRY, VICTIM OF FARRINGTON, APPEALS CASE

Demands Reinstatement; Flays Traitor

(Special to The Daily Worker)

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 16.—Thomas Parry, former vice-president of Sub-district No. 4 of the Illinois Miners' Union, who was expelled from the U. M. W. of A. for six months for alleged slander of Frank Farrington, deposed president of the union, district executive board and was executive board demanding reinstatement to his former office.

Expelled by Illegal Court.

Parry states that he was expelled from the union for six months by an illegal court without being given a chance to defend himself. Farrington supervised the trial which convicted Parry without permitting the latter to be present.

Parry appealed the expulsion to the district executive board and was instructed by Secretary-treasurer Nesbitt to make his appeal to board member Young, despite the precedent set by the board in acting on similar cases without taking the position that they should go to a board member.

From Peter to Paul.

Parry wrote to Nesbitt asking the latter to file his appeal. Nesbitt replied, advising Parry to file his appeal with board member Haywood. But when Parry's appeal reached Haywood, it was declared the time limit for such action had expired by 24 hours.

"In view of the recent developments in which Farrington has been caught with the goods" writes Parry "and exposed as a 100 per cent traitor to the working class in general, the board should recognize that my removal from office was at the dictates of the coal operators."

Old Trade Union Member.

Parry carried a card in the British Miners' Federation for nine years, in the Provincial Workman's Association of Canada for two years and in the U. M. W. of A. for 19 years.

"My membership has never lapsed a day," he says, "until I was expelled for slandering Farrington, the arch enemy of the miners and co-worker of the operators."

For Progressive Program.

Parry stands for the progressive miners' program: a shorter workday, nationalization with democratic management of the mines, in short "The Mines For the Miners," Amalgamation on the industrial field and a Labor Party on the political field.

Parry was forced out of the coal mining industry by Farrington and was obliged to leave the district to earn a living. He now lives in Highland Park, Mich.

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RIOT, SUICIDE AND HYSTERIA FOLLOW AIMEE

Stirs Christians to a Fanatic Fury

(Special to The Daily Worker)

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 16.—Dr. R. W. Waters, implicated by the confession of Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman in her impersonation of Almee Semple McPherson to furnish an alibi against the charge that the evangelist had spent ten days in a love spree at a beach cottage at Carmel instead of being "kidnapped," as she had claimed after her disappearance, has committed suicide.

Dr. Waters took poison following the revelation made by Mrs. Wiseman that he had aided in producing an alibi for Almee McPherson.

Faithful Stage a Riot.

Meanwhile the 35,000 followers of the female evangelist were stirred up to the point of rioting by her dramatic pulpitizing at the Angelus temple.

"They are hounding me to my grave," she declared as she entered the pulpit. This and similar emotional appeals so roused her fanatic followers that the milling thousands which filled the church to overflowing and pressed around the building seemed on a point of riot thru religious hysteria.

Christians are Shotguns.

The police were called out to guard against riot, squads of detectives and deputy sheriffs armed with shotguns having trouble to reach the temple around which for blocks the streets were packed with excited people. The police did not arrest Almee, as she stirred up the congregation with the sentimental appeal that she "expected to be arrested at any moment." The crowd finally dispersed when it saw that nobody was going to arrest the woman.

Another development of the day was the deposition of a Miss Morris, private secretary of the late R. A. McKinley, a lawyer connected with Mrs. McPherson. Miss Morris tells of arrangements sought to have been made to produce men who could be claimed to be the "kidnappers" who would be immune from prosecution because Almee would not prosecute them. Almee also wanted a shack produced to serve as the place where she was supposed to have been held by the "kidnappers."

Mysterious Shack Sought.

"Mrs. McPherson said I must be sure that it had not been occupied for a long time. She said she would hate for them to produce a shack and find out afterwards that a family with ten kids had lived in it during the time she was supposed to be a captive there."

Complaints against five persons in the case, including Kenneth G. Ormiston, the alleged lover of Almee in her escapade, are being drawn up by the district attorney.

Ormiston Seeks Immunity.

At the same time the attorney for Mrs. Wiseman says he has been approached by a "mystery man" who offers to produce Ormiston within a few hours if Ormiston is given the privilege of immunity. Ormiston may be liable on a charge of perjury for making an affidavit saying Mrs. McPherson was not the woman who shared his embraces at the cottage by the sea.

Water is not deep in the Maumee River and the Maumee Bay into which it flows. If it had been deep the story of Toledo might have been different. It might have been a great metropolis like Cleveland, not far away, like Buffalo, at the other end of Lake Erie, or Detroit, to the north, that harbor the great freight ships of the inland seas. But the river is shallow and the water is not deep enough to be able to get a seat in the street cars. The stores were almost empty. Business isn't good in Toledo.

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But the spirit of unrest flares anew. This fall the Workers (Communist) Party has a congressional candidate in the field. Bruce T. Smith, a railroad worker, is the Communist standard bearer. The local election commissioners are trying to find some excuse for ruling him off the ballot. So far they have not succeeded. The workers, according to present indications, will have an opportunity to vote for him.

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It was in 1794, some years after the revolutionary war, that General "Mad Anthony" Wayne was fighting Indians along the shores of Lake Erie. He came to the mouth of the Maumee River where he ordered the building of a stockade. It was built so rapidly that he called it "Fort Industry," an indication of what was expected from Toledo workers in the century ahead. One of the aids of "Mad Anthony" was Lieutenant William Henry Harrison, later to become the ninth president of the United States.

Toledo was successively under the colonial rule of Spain, France and Great Britain, and when it became a part of the United States, the states of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, not yet a part of a consolidated federal government, fought for it. Michigan finally got the rich iron and copper ore territory of its northern peninsula while Toledo

Destitution Threatens.

Many miners in the score of camps around Bellaire own their homes. With vegetables and fruits in their back yards, they do not experience keen privation in summer months, even if unable to find work in the steel mills. When winter comes a different picture will present itself, and should the steel industry experience a sharp destitution plenty will dog the little homes of thousands of the coal diggers.

The lucky miner who happens to be working is knocking out about \$100 a month, of which about 8% goes into various union funds for dues and relief. This average, however, lumps the men who are working 6 days a week and those working but 1. Thousands are receiving not more than \$50 a month, while at least 1,500 in this vicinity have no work of any kind.

When Contracts Expire.

The subdistrict is buoyed up by long contracts with the Canadian railroads, but when they run out and are shifted to West Virginia—as may happen—Bellaire's plight may become as bad as Hocking valley's.

These miners have given generously to Russian famine relief, to the Passaic strikers, to the British miners. When the present British coal lockout is settled and the demand for American coal lulls, they may find themselves fighting with their backs to the wall against the sinister hand of non-unionism, watchfully waiting to leap over from the West Virginia side of the Ohio river to extend industrial feudalism. Then they will need the vigorous support of American labor if unionism is to be saved along the Ohio.

The reception starts at 8 in the evening. Besides dancing there will be solo and choir singing, violin solos and addresses by the strikers and the representatives of the organizations that united to make this affair possible.

Tickets are being sold at 75 cents each. All profits from the affair are to be turned over to the Chicago Conference for Passaic Textile Strikers Relief, which has its headquarters at 322 West Van Buren street. All workers are urged to attend this affair and demonstrate their solidarity.

CHICAGO—The first instalment of \$5,000 is on its way to New York from the Chicago Joint Board, Int'l. Ladies Garment Workers' Union. It will be used in the bitter strike of the New York locals for better conditions and against the jobbing system.

Communists Are Striving to Put Toledo, Ohio, on Map for Working Class

By J. LOUIS ENGDALH.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16.—With the dove of peace settled over the great lakes, Toledo is named after the famous Castilian capital of the same name on the other side of the Atlantic. But it bears no resemblance to Toledo, Spain. By 1846 its population had grown to only 2,000, although this was an advance over the fewer than 100 that it had ten years before in 1836. It does not boast of any role that it played in the civil war, just as the name Valentino, Dempsey, "Trude" Ederle and "Babe" Ruth are supposed to be recognized without any additional description.

TOLEDO—(By Mail)—When the traveler gets off his train here at the New York Central Station he is greeted by an unusual broadside of billboards. The loudest blare comes from one display declar-

ing this to be:

"Toledo—The Home of Overland and Willys-Knight."

It is known that "Overland" and "Willys-Knight" are the names of two makes of automobiles, just as the names Valentino, Dempsey, "Trude" Ederle and "Babe" Ruth are supposed to be recognized without any additional description.

BIG COLONIAL MEET SLATED FOR BRUSSELS

Congress Will Organize United Struggle

(Special to The Daily Worker)

BERLIN, Sept. 16.—A gigantic step is about to be taken in the world-wide upsurge of the colonial peoples. This is the first world congress against the suppression of colonial and semi-colonial peoples which will meet at Brussels, Belgium, about the middle of next November.

The call for the congress is issued by the International League Against Colonial Suppression, with headquarters at Prorussentrail, Berlin, Germany. The provisional committee for the congress includes Henri Barbusse (France), Martin Anderson Nexo (Denmark), George Ledebour (Germany) and Prof. Koo Meng Yu (China). This committee asks all nationalist and anti-imperialist organizations as well as those determined to stamp out colonial cruelties and suppression in general, to send delegates to the forthcoming congress.

Cables announcing participation have already been received from the Kuomintang party of China, the Korean nationalist party, the young India movement and the independence movement of Java, Dutch East Indies. Lansbury and Flimmen Attend.

The congress at Brussels will take up all of the problems of imperialism, considering in detail specific cases of brutalities in the colonies and suppression of liberties. It will also consider the question of emancipation of the colonies and semi-colonies from imperialist rule. Special reports under this latter head will be made by George Lansbury, M. P. of Great Britain, and Edo Flimmen, general secretary of the International Transport Workers' Federation.

Following is the communication in full sent out by the International League Against Colonial Suppression, announcing the agenda of the congress:

Dear Sirs:

The organizing committee for the congress "Against Colonial Suppression" has received in the course of the last months a large number of important endorsements from leading organizations of the colonial and semi-colonial countries. During the last week we have received many telegrams requesting that the conference take place in this year. Acting upon these requests, the committee decided that the conference should be held in the middle of November. The place is Brussels and the exact date, etc., will be communicated in due time.

On the basis of the propositions, motions, etc., received up to date the organizing committee has decided upon the following tentative agenda:

1. Report on Imperialist Suppression in the Colonies. Speakers will be representatives of the different countries.

2. Emancipation Movements in the Colonial and Semi-Colonial Countries and Support by the Labor Movements of Imperialist Countries. Provisional speakers, Edo Flimmen, general secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation; George Lansbury, M. P. of Great Britain.

3. The Co-ordination of the National Emancipation Movements with the Social Struggles in the Colonial Countries.

4. Development of the League Against Suppression to a Great International Organization for the Support of the Emancipation Movements in the Colonial and Semi-Colonial Countries.

The provisional committee asks you:

(a) To communicate to us immediately the size of the delegation you intend to send to the congress in Brussels. Costs of the delegation must be covered by your organization.

(b) To submit to us your propositions for the agenda and to communicate to us the names of your representatives and the points of the agenda under which they intend to speak.

(c) To send us a written report, informing us about your organization. This should be sent not later than the middle of September, in order to enable us to translate and mimeograph it for the congress.

Trusting you will be in agreement with the date selected for the congress and that you will transmit to us the requested information at your earliest convenience, we remain, dear Sirs,

International League Against Colonial Suppression,
J. Brach, Secretary.

Aid Flood-Stricken Cities.

KANSAS CITY, Kans., Sept. 16.—Kansas today was taking care of flood sufferers while the crest of yesterday's wall of water spread thru northeastern Oklahoma, after claiming eight lives.

This city, Topeka and larger cities of Kansas were collecting funds and sending aid to Burlington, Neosho Falls and Madison which were almost wrecked by high waters from the Neosho, Cottonwood and Verdioris rivers. The damage estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000.

Send The DAILY WORKER for one month to your shop-mate.

CHINESE BOSS TRY COMPANY UNION PLAN; LABOR KILLS ATTEMPT

CANTON, China—(FP)—That China is becoming rapidly civilized and modernized in the American sense is seen again in the organization in the industrial centers of up-to-date company unions on approved western lines.

After a strike by the genuine shop workers' unions in Canton in 1924 which failed to win higher wages the company organized the Shoe Trade Capital & Labor union, composed of strikebreakers, stool pigeons and bosses which introduced the open shop and beat up members of the bona fide union.

The revolutionary Canton government, through its labor department, ordered the fake union to dissolve, whereupon it adopted another American dodge and reorganized as the Shoemakers union. This is now under scrutiny by the authorities.

CHINESE LABOR FIGHTS TO BETTER ITS CONDITIONS

Strikes Taking Place All Over Country

By GEOFFREY C. CHEN.

PEKIN, China—(FP)—There is a direct relation between industrial strikes and industrial development; where you find cities industrially and commercially more developed, there you find more strikes. During the last eight years 8 Chinese cities have had more strikes than all the rest: Shanghai 270, Hankow 37, Soochow 28, Peiping 20, Chinkiang 18, Canton 17, Wusih 10, Tsingtao 6, Hongkong 6.

Three important causes can be definitely traced: economic pressure, maltreatment, and mass movement. During the last 8 years, aside from the May 1925 strikes at Shanghai and elsewhere, there have been 536 industrial strikes. Of these about 330 have been caused by economic pressure; 55.61% of the total. Counting the May 30 strikes, there have been 698 strikes, 331 of which have been caused by economic pressure, 47.42%. In all the 8 years, strikes protesting maltreatment numbered 110, 19.54%. Forty-four strikes originated from mass movement or popular demonstration, 7.81% of the total. Only 58 times during the 8 years have strikes been settled by simple and short negotiations between the employers and the workers. There have been two usual ways of settlement: settlement by the representatives of both parties and settlement by the intervention of a third party. In all the 8 years 85 have been settled by the first method. The intervention takes various forms: 75 by the local government, 49 by guilds and unions, 33 by individuals.

If we exclude the May 30 strikes, we can count successful strikes 50.27% of the total strikes each year; semi-successful strikes 6.39%, unsuccessful 7.11%; and doubtful 36.23%.

Only since 1921 have there been demands for the right to organize or for the right to strike. Each strike on the average has involved 3,612.22 workers.

During the last 8 years, the most numerous strikes occurred in the industries directly or indirectly connected with clothing. Next in number are the strikes of communication workers. The factory which has had the most numerous strikes during the last 8 years is the Japanese cotton factory of Shanghai where 16 strikes have taken place. The anti-Japanese sentiment of the workers, the comparatively strong organization among them, and the growth of class consciousness have contributed towards the real causes of strikes in this factory.

(a) To communicate to us immediately the size of the delegation you intend to send to the congress in Brussels. Costs of the delegation must be covered by your organization.

(b) To submit to us your propositions for the agenda and to communicate to us the names of your representatives and the points of the agenda under which they intend to speak.

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International League Against Colonial Suppression,
J. Brach, Secretary.

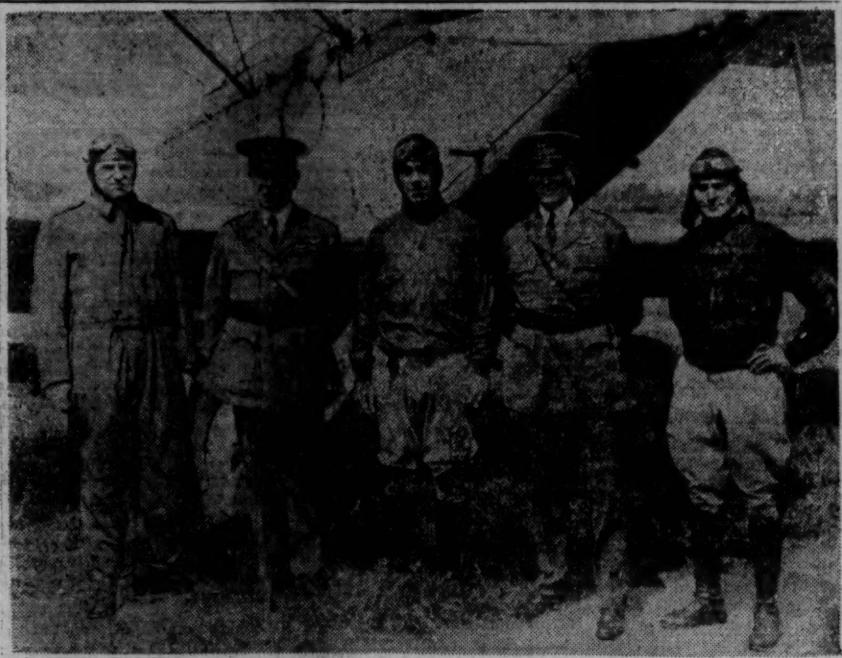
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This city, Topeka and larger cities of Kansas were collecting funds and sending aid to Burlington, Neosho Falls and Madison which were almost wrecked by high waters from the Neosho, Cottonwood and Verdioris rivers. The damage estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000.

Send The DAILY WORKER for one month to your shop-mate.

Ready for Army Tour of South America



Planning the army's South American flight, an observation trip whose martial purposes are not concealed and that is openly paraded as an imperialist expedition, a group of officers gather at Bolling Field, Washington. Left to right is Trude Davison, former member of the House of Morgan and air secretary of the army; Gen. Patrick, chief of army aviation; Major Dargue who is to command the South American venture; General Fecet; Capt. Baker, one of the pilots.

PROGRESSIVES CHEER RESIGNATION OF HAMILTON FYFE AS EDITOR OF THE LONDON DAILY HERALD

By Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON—(By Mail)—Hamilton Fyfe has resigned as editor of the London Daily Herald, Labor's daily newspaper, and the progressives in the trade union movement are glad. The British workers are sincerely sorry that Fyfe ever left the Daily Mail and they hope he will never return to help the employers on a labor paper.

A day or two before Fyfe quit the Herald he was compelled to receive an unwelcome visit from the miners' delegates who were exasperated over an attack on the miners in the previous day's issue of the Herald. At first Fyfe refused to see the miners but the latter did not stand on ceremony but passed all opposition and bearded the gentleman in his sanctum.

Fyfe Was Indignant.

M. Fyfe told the miners that he did not give a damn for what they said or that as he was leaving the Herald for good in a few days. No doubt Mr. Fyfe like many other disappointed bourgeois saviors of the workingclass who step down from above to free the masses will feel that his sacrifices have not been fully appreciated.

It seems incomprehensible but true that Fyfe published an advertisement from the coal operators in labor's official daily while the same paper carried vicious attacks on Cook and Smith, leaders of an organization that was helping to subsidize the Herald.

Why The Silence.

The editorial attack which angered the miners was in reply to an inquiry from a railroad worker who was anxious to know why the T. U. C. leaders were silent on the reasons for calling off the general strike. This worker who was a railroad employee for 32 years declared that he and his fellow workers were regarded as "blacklegs" by the miners for deserting them and hauling "black coal."

Hamilton Fyfe took it himself to reply on behalf of the T. U. C. and blamed the miners for not accepting the Samuel memorandum which was not accepted by either the government or the operators.

Did Not Touch Vital Part.

The dishonesty of Mr. Fyfe's reply

to the railroad workers can be seen by his refusal to answer the vital part of the letter. Here is an excerpt from the railroad worker's query, which should receive attention from trade unionists everywhere who are helping to break the miners' strike by shipping scab coal.

"We are given to understand that the miners in other countries would not send any coal to England, but these miners are sending it. The transport takes it to the docks, is loaded on the ships by the dockers, brought across by the seamen, unloaded on this side by the English dockers and then we railwaymen cart it away to destinations and we are blamed for handling coal after it has passed thru the hands of men belonging to other unions."

Faker's Old War Horse.

Fyfe begins his reply to the letter by opening broadside on the Minority Movement Conference and of course on the Communists. This is the old gag when caught politically disrobed before the workers. The ex-Daily Mail scribe rang the changes on the "dictation from Moscow" stuff that was breaking up the labor movement." The T. U. C. called off the strike because the miners refused to accept the Samuel memorandum!

A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation opened fire on the Herald editor in a scathing indictment and before the smoke of battle cleared Fyfe was on his way. Here is what Cook has to say:

Cook Was Surprised.

"I am surprised that Labor's paper should join in the chorus of the capitalist press to attack the miners and their leaders with an editorial that is absolutely contrary to the truth.

"The article says that the general council of the Trades Union Congress ended the strike because it believed that the Samuel memorandum offered the best chance of settling the coal dispute which the miners were likely to get, and that if the miners' representatives had agreed to accept that memorandum no man would have got less than 50s. a week.

Third May Die.

The meeting began the night after Tresca received the warning. Luigi Quintiliano was speaking, when there was a terrific explosion in an automobile in the street a short distance away. Quintiliano was hurled from his open air platform and the audience was tossed about. The car was wrecked; one man was dead, another dying, and a third, Joseph Puccio, so badly injured that his life is still despaired of.

The anti-fascists are convinced that a bomb, carried by the men in the car, went off for some reason before it could be pitched at the platform.

Refutes Socialist Lies.

The statement of various social democratic papers that the Russians are stabbing the British miners in the back by exporting naphtha to Great Britain and that they are trying to persuade the British capitalists to replace coal by oil fuel, is absolute nonsense. On the contrary, we have proofs that the Russians are seeing to it that no naphtha is sent to Great Britain than usual. I must also remark that naphtha has not the faintest influence upon the coal market, because it is quite impossible within so short a space of time to adapt the machines to use oil fuel instead of coal.

German Unions Charge Interest.

To the question what attitude did he take with regard to the loan of the German Trade Union Federation (A. D. G. B.) and its interest, Purcell made the following remark:

"The British trade unions, which

were badly hit from the financial point of view by the general strike, were compelled to take a loan from the A. D. G. B. in order to fulfill their duties towards their members. Altho the British trade unions would rather have seen the A. D. G. B. grant this loan free of interest, as this is the case in Great Britain when one trade union lends another trade union money, they were nevertheless compelled to accept the condition of the A. D. G. B. in preference to taking a still more expensive loan from a bank. The A. D. G. B. demanded, after a higher demand had been rejected, 4½ per cent. The amount of the loan was 10,000 pounds."

ABOUT LENIN.

LENIN, THE GREAT STRATEGIST, by A. Losovsky.

A portrait of Lenin in action as a Marxist, logician, revolutionary strategist and proletarian statesman, by the present secretary of the Red International of Labor Unions.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LENINISM, by I. STALIN.

An important work on Communist theory and practice during the period that Lenin lived and led—the period of Capitalist Imperialism. Written by a close co-worker of Lenin—the present Secretary of the Russian Communist Party. 78 pp. Duroflex Covers. \$3.50

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RED INTERNATIONAL AIDS STRIKE OF THE FRENCH METAL UNION

MOSCOW, Aug. 29th.—(By Mail)—The Russian International Labor Union has directed a telegram to the Unitary Metal Workers' Federation in Paris in which it sends its fraternal greetings to the strikers in Chateau Renaud who have already been fighting a heroic struggle for five months. The Russian International Labor Union sends also \$500 to assist them to continue their struggle.

MINE STRIKE NEEDS URGENT, SAYS PURCELL

Quick Aid Vital; World Labor Must Assist

(Continued from page 1)

or even for each separate mine. The finish would be that each factory would have its own agreement.

The support which the international proletariat can give the fighting miners is, above all, financial assistance. Here I must mention that the assistance of the Russian comrades in the greatest proof of international solidarity, and the British miners recognize this completely. The methods of the Russian comrades, who form women's committees to lead the collections, should be copied in all other countries.

As far as the international aid is concerned, the British miners are of the opinion that much more could be done. It is hoped that with the sending of miners' delegations to the continent and to the United States certain difficulties which have previously stood themselves will be overcome.

With regard to the support of the British miners by a general prohibition of coal transport, this prohibition can only be effected if the miners' unions in the various countries see to it that the production of coal is not increased. If no more coal is produced than usual then no more can be transported to Great Britain.

The International Miners' Federation has not yet seen its way clear to issue such a prohibition to prevent the increase of production, and with regard to the prohibition of coal transports, the International Transport Workers' Federation and the International Miners' Federation have not yet come to any agreement, altho the leaders of the British miners have suggested this a number of times.

Two Fascists Killed.

The two men were members of fascist organizations. Alfredo di Nardo was secretary of the Harlem and Bronx branch of the fascist league of North America. Frank Esposito, the second man who perished, was also a Fascist organization member.

Police Seek to "Cover Up."

The police department says the car was wrecked by an explosion of its gasoline tank, but the anti-fascists point out the absence of fire and the spread sideways and downwards of the explosion. They charge the police are attempting to conceal the cause and protect the fascists.

Threaten Speakers.

Carlo Tresca, an eye-witness of the explosion, tells a remarkable story. The night before the meeting he was shot over the telephone said: "You people tried to kill Mussolini. We're going to get our revenge tonight."

Tresca and his friends went on with the meeting plans despite the threats and despite the fact that a meeting on the same spot three weeks before was broken up by the police who sided with the fascists.

The

Workers (Communist) Party

NEW YORK COMRADES MUST COLLECT 20,000 SIGNATURES TO GET PARTY TICKET ON BALLOT

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—The campaign in New York City has started. Signatures are being gathered and open air meetings are being held. The most important task is the procuring of sufficient signatures. That the ticket may be put on the ballot at least another 20,000 signatures in New York City must be secured. Those 20,000 signatures will put the following candidates on the ballot:

For Governor, Ben Gitlow.

For Lieutenant Governor, Frank P. Brill.

For Comptroller, Juliet Stuart Poyntz.

For Attorney General, Arthur S. Leeds.

Local Ticket

6th Assembly Dist., N. Y.—Benjamin Lifshitz, 1,050 signatures needed.

8th Assembly Dist., N. Y.—Rebecca Grecht, 1,100 needed.

17th Assembly Dist., N. Y.—Julius Codkind, 1,050 needed.

18th Assembly Dist., N. Y.—Abraham Markoff, 1,300 needed.

13th Song Dist.—Charles Krumbein, 1,300 needed.

14th Song Dist.—Alexander Trachtenberg, 1,600 needed.

20th Cong. Dist.—William W. Weinstein, 1,600 needed.

14th Cong. Dist.—Elmer T. Allison, 1,700 needed.

3rd Assembly Dist., Bronx—Elias Marks, 1,250 needed.

4th Assembly Dist., Bronx—Isidore Steinzer, 1,150 needed.

5th Assembly Dist., Bronx—Charles Zimmerman, 1,275 needed.

7th Assembly Dist., Bronx—Joseph Boruchowitz, 1,300 needed.

20th Cong. Dist., Bronx—Moissey J. Ogin, 1,700 needed.

6th Assembly Dist., Kings—George Primoff, 1,050 needed.

14th Assembly Dist., Kings—Samuel Nesin, 900 needed.

23rd Assembly Dist., Kings—Fannie Warshafsky, 875 needed.

10th Cong. Dist., Kings—Bertram D. Wolfe, 1,700 needed.

7th Sen. Dist., Kings—Morris Rosen, 1,700 needed.

The time for filing the signatures is almost at hand. All comrades are instructed by the district executive committee to immediately report to the following places, where they will receive petitions and instructions on the collection of signatures. Each comrade must give at least two nights a week for this work, otherwise our campaign will be a failure.

Headquarters for Signature Work.

108 East 14th street, New York City.

46 Ten Eyck street, Brooklyn.

56 Manhattan avenue, Brooklyn.

1844 Pitkin avenue, Brooklyn.

81 E. 110th street, New York City.

1347 Boston road, Bronx.

442 St. Ann's avenue, Bronx.

Comrades in charge of the headquarters will be there every evening, and all comrades must report there without fail for signature work.

The section campaign managers have been instructed to keep a record of all those who come for signature work and those who do not report will be called before their section committee to explain why they have not responded for this important work.

NEW YORK PARTY MEMBERSHIP MEETING TO BE HELD AT THE MANHATTAN LYCEUM ON MONDAY

A very important special membership meeting will be held on Monday, September 20, at 8 p. m. at Manhattan Lyceum, 66 E. 4th St., to take up the past, present and future activities of the Workers (Communist) Party and their relation to the election campaign and the membership drive.

Comrade Weinstein, general secretary of the district, will make a report on the past activities as for example our work in relation to the Passaic strike, the Furriers' strike, the united front campaigns of the party, etc. He will also touch on the socialist party. He will trace the development of our activity and will deal at length with the election campaign.

Comrade Stachel, organization secretary of the district, will take up the political importance of the membership drive and how to extend it.

Admission is by membership card of the Workers (Communist) Party or the Young Workers (Communist) League. All Workers (Communist) Party and Y. W. L. members are urged to attend.

Campaign Notes in New York City

By HARRY M. WINITSKY, Campaign Manager.

The following open air meetings have been scheduled for the week beginning September 20 and ending September 25, 1926. All speakers should make it their business to be at the meetings on time and the comrades who are on the open air committees should be punctual and see that there is sufficient literature for sale at all the meetings.

MONDAY, SEPT. 20.

138th Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx—Speakers: Geo. Powers, Louis Baum, L. A. Suskin and Simon Feldman.

14th St. and Irving Place—Speakers: Jack Stachel, Harry Fox, A. Frankfeld, George Primoff and Harry M. Winitsky.

Stone and Pitkin Aves., Brownsville—Speakers: Robert Macklin, Fannie Warshafsky, J. Obian, A. Rubin and Louis Sisselman.

Put on the Badge of a Communist!

SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY UNUSUAL.

The Emblem of The Young Workers (Communist) League. A striking closed fist—the Communist salute—(reproduction actual size) in gold and silver.

Limited Supply Only!

All orders filled in order received.

GOLD, 40 cents; SILVER, 25 cents. In quantities of a dozen or more, gold \$3.60 a doz., silver \$2.25 a doz.

Rush Your Order to The Young Workers League of America, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

ATTENTION—

NEW YORK COMRADES!

Make no engagement for Monday night, October 25th. An important event will take place. Watch for announcement.

MEMBERS OF SECTION 4 CHICAGO MEET SUNDAY MORN AT FREIHEIT HALL

Every member of Section No. 4 is required by the section committee to be present at a meeting Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, Sept. 19th at Freiheit Hall, 3209 Roosevelt Rd. It will be a campaign meeting. Section No. 4 is responsible for putting Mrs. Matilde Kalousek on the ballot for congressman of the sixth district. For this several thousand signatures are needed. Plans will be made Sunday to get these signatures and begin the campaign. The time is short, the issue is important.

Chicago Members Meet Sunday for Election Signature Campaign

ATTENTION! ALL CHICAGO PARTY MEMBERS!

Every party member in Chicago is expected to turn out for the collection of signatures on the election petitions at the following places, Sunday, September 19, at 10 a. m.:

Section 1 and 3—Nominee, Elizabeth Griffin, for congress. Meet at Community Center, 3201 S. Wabash Ave.

Section 4—Nominee, Mathilda Kalousek, for congress. Meet at Freiheit Hall, 3209 W. Roosevelt Road.

Section 5 and 6—Nominee, Sam Hammersmark for congress. Meet at Workers' Lyceum, 2733 Hirsch Blvd.

In addition to the petitions for the respective congressional nominees, all comrades are to work on the petitions for J. Louis Engdahl, senatorial nominee.

Section Four Industrial Organizers Meet Today; Section Executive Sat.

Industrial organizers of Section 4 are to meet in the basement of 1239 S. Sawyer Ave. tonight. The organizer of every shop and street nucleus is expected to attend this meeting. Tomorrow, Saturday, the section executive meeting will be held at 2:30 p. m. at the same address.

WORKERS PARTY ENTERS CANDIDATES IN STATE ELECTIONS THIS YEAR

In a number of states nominations have been filed by petition while in others the petition campaign is still in progress to place Workers (Communist) Party candidates officially on the ballots.

Nominations officially filed:

Michigan.

Michigan—The following candidates will appear officially on the ballot in the primary elections to be held Tuesday, September 14:

Governor, William Reynolds. Congress, 13th District, William Mollenhauer.

Congress, 1st Dist., Harry Kishner.

Congress, 9th District, Daniel C. Holder.

Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania—The following were the candidates nominated:

Governor, H. M. Wicks.

Lieutenant-Governor, Parthenia Hills.

Secretary of Internal Affairs, Max Jenkins.

United States Senator, E. J. Cary.

State Legislator, first district, Ernest Careathers and Anna Weisman.

Second District, Mike Blaskovitz and Celia Parsons.

Seventh District, Margaret Yeager.

Eighth District, Susie Kendra and Peter Skrtic.

Ninth District, William P. Mikades and Sam Shore.

State Senator, William Schmidt.

Colorado.

Governor, William Dietrich. United States Senator, James A. Ayers.

Secretary of State, Nelson Dewey.

State Treasurer, Leonard Forschler.

Superintendent of Public Instruction, Helena Dietrich.

State Auditor, O. McSwain.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25.

110th St. and 5th Ave.—Speakers: Weinstein, Cookin, Ella Wolfe and Joseph Brady.

Southern Boulevard and Aldus St., Bronx—Speakers: Eva Dorf, Ray Ragozin, Peter Shapiro and L. A. Baum.

10th St. and Second Ave.—Speakers: Harry Fox, A. Chorover, B. Lifschitz and Joe Cohen.

Stone and Pitkin Aves., Brownsville—Speakers: Anton Bimba, Charles Raiss, Samuel Nesin, Alexander Trachtenberg, Fannie Warshafsky and A. Freeman.

CHICAGO WORKERS' SCHOOL CONCERT AND DANCE SUNDAY

The Chicago Workers' School has sent out an attractive plunger announcing its first "get-together" affair for Sunday, Sept. 19, at the Workers' Lyceum, 2733 Hirsch Blvd.

The dance will be preceded by a very good concert which is arranged by Comrade Hambro. One of the unusual features of the evening will be a shop bulletin display. Shop bulletins from all parts of the country will be exhibited in an attractively arranged booth.

The admission is 50 cents at the door and every worker is invited to attend.

Boat and Shoe Workers Meet.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The boat and shoe workers' union holds its biennial convention in Rochester.

Member #

SCOTT NEARING RETURNS FROM BRITISH TRIP

Will Address Workers' School Meeting Sunday

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Scott Nearing arrives in New York Saturday after spending two weeks in England at the British Trade Union Congress. Long an authority on the British labor movement and the author of several pamphlets dealing with British labor, he felt that this Trade Union Congress would be the most important in the history of the social development of Britain.

He will arrive in New York just in time for the lecture he is to deliver under the auspices of the Workers' School Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. The school, realizing that its own quarters will not be big enough to accommodate those interested, has engaged New Star Casino, 101 E. 107th St., near Park Ave., for the occasion. Admission is 75 cents.

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Organized Labor—Trade Union Activities

News and Comment
Labor Education
Labor and Government
Trade Union Politics

HOSIERY UNION OPENS DRIVE TO ORGANIZE TRADE

3,000 Join Organization
in Past Year

PHILADELPHIA—(FP)—The present time is favorable for the organization of the textile industry, said A. J. Musto, Brookwood Labor college, to the 15th annual convention of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers, affiliated with the United Textile Workers.

Organization was the biggest thing before the 60 delegates from 20 cities. A study will be made of old age pensions. A scholarship for a 2-year course has been re-established at Brookwood.

Durham, N. C., is fast becoming a union center for the south since the Hosiery Workers carried on two hard strikes. The federation will keep a district manager in New York and New Jersey. Three thousand workers joined the organization in the last year.

West Brownsville Coal Miners Aid British Strikers

WEST BROWNSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 16.—Local 2230 of the United Mine Workers of America passed a motion at its meeting assessing each member \$1 of each pay for strike relief. Pat Fagan, boss of the machine here, bitterly fought a proposal that some of this money be sent to the striking miners of Great Britain.

There are a number of miners on strike, in the district, and Fagan claimed the money should be used for them. So far little money that was meant for these miners has found its way to them. The union finally voted to send 40 per cent to the British miners and 60 per cent to the striking miners in District 5.

New York Board of Education Plans to Set Teachers' Hours

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—(FP)—Hours of labor, ranging from five and a half to eight a day will be definitely set by the Board of Education of New York if the new by-laws now under consideration are adopted. The system sets the lower or five and a half standard for ordinary class room teachers, with a possible additional 40 minutes at the option of the principal. Teachers of industrial subjects in vocational schools have seven and a half hours and teachers of agriculture, who are few in number, have a maximum of eight hours, the only five and a half would usually be required.

New Books

ON
THE BRITISH GENERAL
STRIKE

"The General Strike— And the General Betrayal"

By John Pepper.

A brilliant booklet, most interesting and important for an understanding of the great British demonstration of working class power.

On the greatest event since the Russian revolution, read this new book just off the press!

25 CENTS
Postpaid.

READ ALSO:

The British General Strike—Its Background, Its Lessons
By William F. Dunne.....10 Cents

British Labor Bids for Power
By Scott Nearing.....10 Cents

Whither England? By Leon Trotsky
Clothbound \$1.75

DAILY WORKER
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WITH THE LABOR PRESS

(More than 500 trade union papers—official organs of national and international unions, state federations of labor, district councils, central labor bodies and local unions—advocate correct, partially correct, or incorrect policies, voice poorly or well, represent or misrepresent, the opinions of the rank and file of the trade union movement. This is the field in which our party must conduct most of its work and it is a field of activity about which we must have the most detailed and accurate information.

The publication in this department of editorial comment from the trade union press does not mean necessarily that we are in agreement with it. We publish this material to inform our readers of the trend of thought expressed in the labor press and when necessary such editorial expressions will be accompanied by our own comment. Editor's Note.)

Sowing Seeds of Peace.

The visit of Thomas E. Hughes, international secretary-treasurer of the Teamsters', Chauffeurs' and Stablemen's Union, to Minneapolis last week should bring benefits to organized workers and to employers as well.

Mr. Hughes proved to be an energetic, likeable official of exceedingly good judgment. He was far different from the fire-eating, smash-em-up type of an individual which the Citizens' Alliance seeks to picture international officials as being.

Employers who met and listened to him were impressed with his frankness, ability and constructiveness.

Workers who heard Secretary Hughes realized his capability, his sincere devotion to the movement and sound judgment. He won the confidence of all who heard him.

Both employers and workers will not forget that Mr. Hughes gave some mighty good advice not only as to protecting the union but in regard to preserving the industry and building up the industry which is dealing fairly with organized workers.

Mr. Hughes was not the first international official to address a meeting of both workers and employers in Minneapolis. Nevertheless, such occurrences are far too infrequent in this city.

It is in such gatherings the seeds of industrial peace, better understanding, and local prosperity are sown.

There would be far more prosperity and far more happiness in the city of Minneapolis if the workers and employers of every industry were organized and meeting together to solve the problems of employees and industry.

Organized workers and employers of the Minneapolis milk industry are to be congratulated upon the efforts they are making to meet their problems by co-operating with one another. It will be to the benefit of the entire city if this example is followed by every industry in Minneapolis.

—Minneapolis Labor Review, Sept. 10.

Comment.

THE editorial above is a fair sample of the deadly dope that is being dished out to the American labor movement. The paragraphs which we have emphasized contain the fatal fallacies which, when subscribed to, by large sections of the working class, make them easy victims of the bosses, and their organizations mere efficiency organs of the industrial capitalists.

That the well-being of the workers is dependent upon the general prosperity of capitalist industry is true only if one concedes the capitalists the right to own the natural resources and the machinery of production forever. This was the belief of the feudal lords before the capitalist system came into being and as long as the workers conceded the right of the feudal baron to the land, they remained serfs.

Company unionism, either openly by name or covertly in fact, finds a fertile field in unions where the officials advocate the policy followed by Secretary Hughes of the Teamsters' Union and which is praised so highly by the editor of the Minneapolis Labor Review—very likely after Secretary Hughes had demonstrated in company with the editor his contempt for the Volestand act.

IN no city has the attempt to apply the theory of "worker-employer cooperation" had more disastrous effects on the labor movement than in Minneapolis. In preparation for this move the Communists and the left wing were attacked and many expelled. A virtual dictatorship was set up with an emissary of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor as the local Mussolini, all semblance of radicalism was banished and the Minneapolis labor movement died on its feet.

IT is still dead and it is now stated by honest conservatives that only the reinstatement of the once despised "reds" and the resumption of activity by them can revive the moribund trade unions. The same condition obtains in St. Paul where the same policy was followed.

The Minneapolis Labor Review is not serving the labor movement, but the bosses, when it publishes such deadening and deceptive editorials as in fact is the sole purpose the employers have in mind when they propose such conferences. They are cheaper than the rougher methods of strike-breaking.

It might be remarked in passing that the Labor Review was a militant paper upon a time when the Twin Cities had a militant and effective trade union movement. —W. F. D.

That workers sometimes get an in-

Demanded Five Cents Raise; U. S. Mediation Got Them 1.5 Cents

PRINCETON, Ind., Sept. 16.—Indiana miners, 7,000 strong, marched in the monster Labor Day parade at Princeton, with railroad and other workers swelling the line to nearly two and a half miles in length. About 30,000 were estimated in attendance at the great mass meeting finishing the parade and 20,000 heard the speaking with the aid of large loud speakers.

Montreal—(FP)—Pres. Wm. Green, American Federation of Labor, was authorized to call a conference of the representatives of Electrical Workers and Railway Signalmen's unions to settle jurisdictional disputes between them, by the executive council at its meeting in Montreal. The executive prepared its annual reports and made arrangements for the Detroit convention, which opens Oct. 4.

NEW ORLEANS—(FP)—The annual session of the Mississippi State Federation of Labor opened at Jackson Sept. 1.

WRITE AS YOU FIGHT!

TETRA-ETHYL GAS SUFFERER SUES STANDARD OIL

Policies and Programs
The Trade Union Press
Strikes—Injunctions
Labor and Imperialism

OPEN LINCOLN MINE ON 1917 SCALE BASIS

Ruling Affects 200 Coal-diggers

By GEORGE PAPCUN,
(Worker Correspondent)

LANSING, Ohio, Sept. 16.—The Lincoln mine of the Lorain Coal and Dock Co. located on the National Highway near here has reopened on the 1917 scale, after having been shut down for the past six months. The announcement was made by G. W. Weiss, company official.

The Lincoln mine employs 200 men when it is running full blast. After starving the men out for a period of six months, now the coal company wants to put the finishing touches to the job by forcing the men to return to work under the 1917 conditions.

DETROIT—(FP)—The Detroit relief conference for the Passaic textile strikers, which includes the Detroit Federation of Labor, is sending hundreds of dollars to the strike zone.

BUFFALO LABOR REACTIONARIES FEAR LABOR PARTY FORMATION

By HERBERT BENJAMIN.

On April 22 the legislative committee of the Buffalo Central Labor Council, which is composed exclusively of reactionary and conservative members of the council, brought into the council the following resolution which was adopted without a dissenting vote:

"Whereas, we believe that the future advancement of the just claims of the Buffalo labor movement along political lines depends on the intelligent use of the ballot, the only weapon that labor has in the political field to protect the rights of men and women who toil for their daily bread; and

"Whereas, we realize that up to the present time labor has failed to organize on the political field so that they would be recognized as a material factor in the political fabric of our city; and

"Whereas, the personnel of our present city council and the fruit of their labor cannot be taken as an omen of the success of the political policy of the Central Labor Council; therefore be it

"Resolved, that the legislative committee of the Central Labor Council respectfully recommends that the council instruct the officers of this body to petition the various local unions affiliated with the Central Labor Council to call a conference for the purpose of inaugurating a more cohesive political movement."

Left Wing Sees Thru Move.

The few left wingers in the council had no illusions about the intentions of the reactionaries who are in control of the Buffalo central body. The very manner in which the resolution was worded, the proposal to "petition the various local unions to call the conference" without indicating just how these were to be induced to issue the call, all showed that the resolution was to be used only as a threat by the members of the legislative committee and their associates against some group of politicians with whom they were bargaining.

Progressives Fall to Joln.

Efforts were made by the left wingers to induce the progressive members of the council to join with them in an organized effort to initiate action. But as usual the unorganized "progressives" failed to respond to a call for action and proposed to wait a "little" longer.

The insincerity of the reactionary "leaders" of the Central Labor Council was further manifested when, on July 22, after three months had passed without any action being taken, a proposal of the Molders' Union, Local 84, that a conference be called to name a united labor ticket was turned down and the matter referred to the legislative committee.

The committee reported on Aug. 12 stating, "we disapprove of the call by Molders' Union, No. 84, for a conference to form a labor party."

This report was concurred in by the safe and sane majority of the council and would probably have ended the matter so far as the council was concerned if it were not for the fact that Brother Campbell, delegate of the Molders' Union, took the floor under good and welfare to declare that the molders would proceed with their proposed conference in spite of the decision of the council.

"Leaders" Worried.

It was at this time that the "leaders" of the council held a hurried consultation, which was followed by a motion that "at the next regular meeting the regular business be suspended in the interest of a conference to inaugurate a more cohesive political movement."

The conference of Sept. 9, which was to organize a "more cohesive political movement," showed the complete bankruptcy of the reactionaries. It showed also that the principle of

Crippled Worker Seeks to Collect \$200,000

NEW YORK, Sept. 16. — (FP)—Standard Oil company of New Jersey has a suit for \$200,000 on its hands because a former worker at Bayonne claims he is the sufferer from his employment with tetra-ethyl lead.

Henry Callis says that he is afflicted with a "serious disease of a nature not clearly established by medical science" as a result of his exposure to tetra-ethyl lead-treated gasoline in September 1924.

The worker says he has had to remain in bed since that time. Standard Oil company gave no warning of danger, provided no masks or gloves and did not have sufficient ventilation in the workplace.

Eleven workers in all are known to have died during various firms' experiments with tetra-ethyl lead gasoline. The scandalous list of dead and injured workers employed in the making of the supposedly "knock-proof" fuel finally paid a national conference under the United States surgeon-general and the ultimate promulgation of rules governing the manufacturing process.

Tetra-ethyl lead-treated gasoline is now being made and sold generally. A Swiss scientist insists that widespread use of the fuel will mean the depositing of great quantities of lead dust on public highways and the possible poisoning of not only hundreds of thousands of workers but of the general population.



By Upton Sinclair

(Copyright, 1926, by Upton Sinclair)

There was always the problem of getting Eunice away from these excitements. She never wanted to go, not even when she was exhausted; he would half carry her out, and she would fall asleep on his shoulder on the way home, and it was all he could do to keep from falling asleep himself. There was a boy in their crowd who would carry a broken nose about for the rest of his life because he had dozed at the steering-wheel on a crowded boulevard; another had spent ten days in jail because after a smash-up, the police had smelled liquor on his breath. It was the etiquette of parties that the man who had to drive must drink only gin—not because that would not make him drunk, but because it left no odor on his breath!

The time came when Eunice decided that it was silly to take that long drive to Beach City after dancing. She found a hotel where you could register as Mr. and Mrs. Smith of San Francisco and no one would ask any questions; you paid in advance, because of your lack of baggage, and in the morning you slipped out separately, and no one was the wiser. You told the folks at home that you had spent the night with a friend, and they did not pursue the matter—being afraid of what they might find out.

All this made a great difference in Bunny's life, and before long it began to show in his appearance; he was not quite so rosy, and Dad took notice, and was no longer embarrassed to speak. "You're making a fool of yourself, son; these late hours have got to stop." So Bunny would try to get out of going to some dance, and Eunice would fly into his arms, and sob, and cling to him, moulding her body into his in that terrible, breathtaking way she had; all Bunny's senses would be filled with her, the delicate perfume she used, the feeling of the filmy stuffs she wore, her tumbled hair, her burning, swift, persistent kisses. He would have to stand and argue and plead, trying to keep his reason while his head went around.

Sometimes there would be embarrassment mingled with his other emotions, because these scenes took place in the drawing-room of the Hoyt home, with either of the parents present. But what could they do? They had raised this wild young creature, giving her everything in the world, half a dozen servants to wait on her, to answer her every whim. She had always had what she wanted, and now she wanted her lover, and all that poor Mrs. Hoyt could say was, "Don't be hard-hearted, Bunny"—really seeming to blame him for these tantrums in her presence! As for poor "Tommy," when he happened in on a tantrum, there came a frightened look on his rosy, rather boyish face, and he turned and skedaddled. He had troubles enough of his own making, and the next time he met Bunny he set forth his point of view in one pregnant sentence, "There's no such thing as a normal woman in the world!"

VI

Just before school opened, Bunny took the bit in his teeth and went to Paradise to spend a week with Dad, and found that Paul was there on a three days' furlough. Paul was not going to get overseas, it appeared; the army had put him to work at his old job—building barracks—only now, instead of ten dollars a day he was getting thirty a month "and beans." That was what it meant to be a workingman to be patriotic—and it was quite a contrast with Tommy Hoyt's three millions, and the hundred and twenty thousand a week of Dad's oil-contracts! But nobody thought about that, because of the eloquence of the President's speeches, and the concentrated ardor of the four minute orators.

Paul looked big and strong in his khaki uniform; and Ruth was happy, because Paul wasn't going to be killed. Meenie was happy, because there was a baby on the way, and Sadie because there was a young rancher "keeping company" with her. Dad was happy, because he had brought in another gusher, and proved up a whole new slope of the Paradise tract; he was putting in pipe-lines and preparing a colossal development—the bankers couldn't keep him down, he would finance himself with oil!

Everybody was happy except Bunny, who could think of nothing but the fact that Eunice was angry, and he was risking the loss of her. She had warned him, she was not be left alone; if he deserted her, she would punish him. He knew that she meant it; she had lovers before him, and would have others after him. This "petting" was a daily necessity for her, and a girl could not get it unless she was willing to "go the limit." That was the etiquette prevailing in this smart and dashing crowd; the rich high school youths would go out hunting in couples in their fancy sport-cars, and would pick up girls and drive them, and if the girls did not play the game according to their taste, they would turn them out on the road, anywhere, a score of miles from a town. There was formula, short and snappy, "pet or walk!"

Bunny took long tramps, trying to shake off his cruel fever. He would come back to sleep, but instead he would think about Eunice, and the manifold intoxication of his senses would return; she would be there with all her allurements and her abandonments. Bunny tried haltingly once or twice to tell Paul about it; Paul being a sort of god, a firm and dependable moral force, to whom one might flee. Bunny remembered the scorn with which Paul had talked about "fornications," and Bunny had not known quite what he meant—but Bunny knew now, alas, only too well. He tried to confess, but was ashamed, and could not break down the barriers. Instead, he made some excuse to his father and drove back to Beach City, three days earlier than he had intended; and all the way as he rode he was hearing Paul's voice, those cruel words of the strike-days: "You're soft, Bunny, you're soft."

(To be continued)

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The Injunction Against the I. L. G. W. U. in New York

The temporary injunction secured by the industrial council of the cloak manufacturers in New York against the 40,000 striking cloak makers indicates the desperation of the bosses in the face of the militant solidarity of the union. While the former have been affirming, until they were blue in the face, that the strikers were returning to the shops in the midst of the strike, they are now forced into a virtual admission of defeat by their column-long advertisements in the New York press appealing to the workers to return, after having resorted to the aid of an injunction with which they hope to break the strike.

The securing of the injunction shows more than the desperation of the manufacturers. It drives another nail into the coffin of the legend that the courts are impartial institutions for the solution of issues in which one class is pitted against another. In the greatest majority of decisive cases, as in this instance, the courts decide for the ruling class.

In addition, it must be remembered that the cloak manufacturers have been working in close contact with Governor Al Smith who has taken an active interest in the strike—on behalf of the bosses. The application for an injunction was undoubtedly made only after consultation and agreement with the governor, who is a notorious "friend of labor," a favorite of Tammany Hall, and the darling of the labor bureaucracy of the New York City and State A. F. of L.

There is one decisive means of fighting the injunction of capitalist courts, and it has been advocated not only by the conservative institutionalized conventions of the A. F. of L., but by Gompers himself—in words. That method is the open and mass violation of the injunction. We believe that the continuation of the militant and sharp battle spirit of the cloak makers on strike will make this policy successful. Let Tammany Hall try to arrest 40,000 cloak makers for violation of the injunction!

Furthermore, the workers have an opportunity in the coming election to give expression to their repudiation of the fake "friends of labor" who have been rewarded for just the same type of open and concealed strike-breaking as practiced by Governor Smith in this strike. Oust the enemies of labor in the capitols and their tools on the judicial benches!

Injured Shylock! Noble Shylock!

With very little comment we reprint the following item from the press service of the International Federation of Trade Unions (the Amsterdam International):

The Executive of the German National Center defends itself against the official accusation of the Communist International, that at the negotiations it had proposed 11% interest on the international loan asked for by the British General Council; it writes as follows:

"We have had constant inquiries both from Germany and from foreign countries about the false allegations of the Communists, that we would only grant the British trade unions a loan at the very high rate of 11% interest. We therefore make the public announcement that the rate of interest agreed upon between the I. F. T. U. of Amsterdam and the British T. U. General Council was 4 1/2%. It must be well known that the rate of interest customary in Germany is substantially higher than this, so that those of our unions which have granted loans to the British are not receiving extraordinary interest—but are, in point of fact, suffering a considerable loss of interest."

Pity poor Shylock! Injured Shylock! It is not a pound of flesh he demands. He wants only half a pound. How comforting it must be to the striking coal miners in England to know that they are not alone in their sufferings. Even the bankers of the German trade unions suffer too.

Noble Shylock!

The Tiger And the Dollar



As the Haagsche Post (Amsterdam) viewed Clemenceau's letter to Coolidge.

The C. P. S. U. and the Opposition Block

Report given by Comrade Bucharin at the Functionaries' Meeting of the Leningrad Organization of the C. P. S. U. on July 28, on the Results of the Plenary Session of the C. C. and the C. C. C.

COMRADES! My present report on the results of the plenary session of the C. C. and the C. C. C. will differ to a certain extent from the customary reports on this theme, for the reason that the work of the joint plenum itself has been of an unusual character.

A number of practical questions which formed the agenda have been dealt with from a general and, from a fundamental standpoint, with reference to those political declarations and those attacks against the majority of the central committee which have been made on a developed scale against the C. C. by the opposition during this plenary conference.

In my present report I shall thus have to restrict myself solely to fundamental questions of principle in the political life of our country, to questions of principle concerning our party, both with regard to inner policy and in part to foreign policy, also to special inner party policy. Before analyzing the standpoint of the new opposition, I must thus give a brief survey of the general situation in the country, for the fundamental differences existing between the overwhelming majority of the C. C. and the comrades of the opposition arise from the estimation of the situation in our country and of the role played by our party at the present juncture. It is these varying estimates which give rise to the varying opinions as to the correct measures to be taken by our party at the present stage of its historical development.

Permit me then to first make a brief analysis of the general situation in our country.

The Economic Growth of the Country. BEGIN with the analysis of the economic situation. I must apologize for having to make recourse to figures here, the only to a very few. In our own ranks the growth of our economics, and the growth of the productive forces of the country, have become a generally acknowledged fact; and even our most obstinate opponents admit this fact. Even our bitterest and blindest class enemies have been forced by the pressure of undeniable facts, facts which cannot be even ignored under present conditions, to acknowledge our economic progress.

BUT for us Marxists-Leninists, for us who are building up a new state of society, the question of the general economic progress of the country is no more than the first and most general point in the analysis of the economic situation. We must follow up this question by others, and ask ourselves if our industry, which is the basis of socialist development, is progressing. If it is, we must ask its rate of progress, whether it is overtaking agricultural development, or if on the contrary agriculture is overtaking industry. We must ask whether the disproportion between our state industry and the 22,000,000 farms is

characterized by the following figures: The gross production of agriculture has risen between the economic years 1922-23 and 1925-26 from 66.8 per cent 88.1 per cent of the pre-war level. During this period the gross production of industry has increased from 34.7 per cent to 95 per cent. Expressed in absolute figures, agricultural production increased from 7.8 milliard pre-war roubles to 10.3 milliards, that is, an increase of 32 per cent in the time given. If we refer to the gross production of industry, we find the following figures: In 1922-23 production amounted to the value of 1949 million pre-war roubles, in the economic year 1925-26 to 5,215 million pre-war roubles. Our industry has thus increased by 274 per cent during this time.

"Gosplan" No. 3, and "Bulletin of the Dynamic of National Economy of the U. S. S. R." 1926.

CURRENT EVENTS
By T. J. O'Flaherty.

(Continued from page 1.)

Mediterranean road to Africa. France does not like this a bit. England is backing Italy against France. France is not anxious to let Italy have an imperialistic meal at Turkey's expense. Such a very strong Italy would not be healthy for France. Despite the League of Nations and the "Locarno spirit."

HERE is more dirt on the capitalist powers: When England was threatening war on Turkey over the Mosul oil question, Italy jabbed her fascist hand in the fire and pulled out a fist full of British chestnuts, by announcing her intention to combine with Greece against Turkey. Kemal Pasha was not prepared for this, so he accepted a compromise from Britain on Mosul. In return for this favor England let Mussolini in on a little bit of loot in Abyssinia. However, the Abyssinians have a bunch of bayonets anxious for a carving contest and perhaps Benito's blackshirts may prefer to continue assassinating unarmed workers for another while.

THE diplomatic orientation of the powers changes very quickly, but the broad outline of west European diplomacy just now is a war between England and France, stopping just short of military action. In eastern Europe and in the Orient, Britain's main enemy is the Soviet Union, with France playing a role of benevolent neutrality towards England and in the case of Poland and Rumania—active enemies of Russia—more than that.

WHEN Germany signed the complete treaty with the U. S. S. R. shortly before the British miners' strike was declared, howls of rage went up from the British press. Britain expected to line Germany up in the anti-Soviet camp by a seat in the council of the League of Nations. But Germany saw a rich market in Russia and foisted England. Now England and France are jockeying with the Balkan nations, Italy and Turkey. It is well to remember that when Italy threatens France the lion's roar can be heard at the distance.

increasing, if our industry is growing more rapidly. This is the first of the supplementary and decisive questions, which we must put to ourselves after being assured of the general economic growth of the country.

The So-Called "Disproportion" in the Development of Agriculture and Industry.

NOW pass on to this first question of the relations between the development of agriculture and of our industry. Here the position may be

longing to the working class, but from the standpoint showing us what proportion of our total national income is represented by the income of the working class, that is, by their wages. I may assume that you are fully aware that our country is in the first place an agricultural country. We must therefore not be surprised at the smallness of the absolute sum; the important point is the change which has taken place in the proportion of wages contained in our total national income. In the economic year 1922-23 the sum total of wages, that is, of the income of the proletariat, amounted to 20 per cent of the total national income. By 1924-25 this sum had increased to 28.1 per cent for the whole union, that is, almost 50 per cent increase in a comparatively short time.

THUS matters were up to now. We

have however now reached a stage in our economic constructive work in which our organs of planned economy are able to set themselves the task of fixing plans of orientation for comparatively long periods in advance. For one thing we have worked out a statement, which it need not be said, is only approximate and intended to serve as information, on the development of our economics during the next five years.

This statement has been drawn up with the greatest caution by the collaborators in the planned economic commission. According to this statement, the growth of agricultural production is calculated at about 20.8 per cent for the five years 1925-30, whilst the growth of industrial production is estimated at about 110 per cent. The growth of all agricultural and industrial production is dealt with. The proportions change somewhat if we take into consideration not the growth of the gross production of agriculture, but only the part of this production put on the market, the part consisting of goods. Our provisional calculations would then yield figures anticipating that the goods obtained from the peasants' agricultural production will increase by about 42.43 per cent during the next five years.

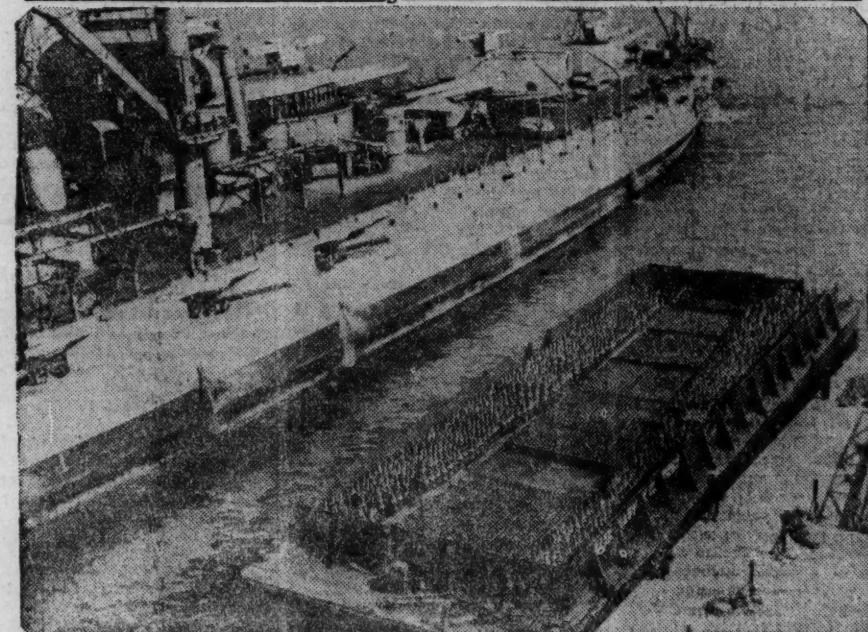
THIS 110 per cent growth of industrial production shows us that the informative calculations for the next five years, based upon a careful study of existing factors, indicate that the growth of industry will surpass that of agriculture. This is the fundamental tendency underlying our economics; and was consciously adopted as such at the last XIV Party Congress.

If we ask at what speed industry and agriculture will develop, we may receive the confident answer, both with regard to the years behind us and those coming, that the balance is in favor of industry, that our industry has outstripped agriculture in its development up to the present. And a study of all available data enables us to prophesy for the next five years, with equal confidence, further progress for the industrialization of our country.

"Gosplan" No. 1, Article by Comrade Buchmann on the "Total Income of the Soviet Union," 1926.

No. 4, Articles by Comrades Tchitschinsky and Strumilin.

"Peace-time" Diet of War Ship Fills Huge Barge



Preparatory to the remodeling of the U. S. S. Utah at the Charleston navy yard, her entire armory is removed and placed in a barge. This photo, showing the barge full of shells, gives a vivid idea of the ammunition required by a dreadnaught even in peace time.

Resolutions of Second Annual I. L. D. Conference

Resolution Reaffirming the Decisions of the First Annual Conference of International Labor Defense.

THE basic principles for the guidance and conduct of the work of International Labor Defense were laid down in the resolutions and decisions of its first annual conference. The experiences of the past year have realized the basic line of these resolutions and decisions and fully justified their adoption. They have formed the ground work upon which has been built the structure of a unified, non-

partisan organization that coordinates and leads the work of labor defense in this country. The weaving together of the tasks of legal defense, prison relief and comfort, the organization of protests and demonstrations for class war prisoners, the reviving of interest and organization in old cases, the publicity and propaganda for labor defense, the extension of fraternal aid to imprisoned workers in other lands, and the reciprocal aid from our foreign comrades for class war victims in this country—all conducted on the basis of united efforts and non-partisan organization—has proved to be most

successful.

THE second annual conference of International Labor Defense therefore reaffirms the correctness of the decisions and resolutions of the first conference of International Labor Defense and holds them to be the line which the organization must follow in the coming period. It instructs the incoming national executive committee to continue to carry on its work in accordance with the spirit and the letter of these decisions and resolutions which have so successfully formed the body and form of our work in the past year.

Ernst Haeckel on "Last Words on Evolution"

By ERNST HAECKEL.

(Continued from previous issue.)

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE SOUL.

The Ideas of Immortality and God.

THO it was my original intention to deliver only two lectures, I have been moved by several reasons to add a supplementary one. In the first place, I notice with regret that I have been compelled by pressure of time to leave untouched in my earlier lectures, or to treat very inadequately, several important points in my theme; there is, in particular, the very important question of the nature of the soul. In the second place, I have been convinced by the many contradictory press notices during the last few days that many of my incomplete observations have been misunderstood or misinterpreted. And, thirdly, it seemed advisable to give a brief and clear summary of the whole subject in this farewell lecture, to take a short survey of the past, present and future of the theory of evolution, and especially its relation to the three great questions of personal immortality, the freedom of the will, and the personality of God.

I must claim the reader's patience and indulgence even to a greater extent than in the previous chapters, as the subject is one of the most difficult and obscure that the human mind approaches. I have dealt at length in my recent works, "The Riddle of the Universe" and "The Wonders of Life," with the controversial questions of biology that I treat cursorily here. But I would like to put before you now, in a general survey, the powerful arguments that modern science employs against the prevailing superstition in regard to evolution, and to show that the Monistic system throws a clear light on the great questions of God and the world, the soul and life.

In the previous chapters I have tried to give a general idea of the present state of the theory of evolution and its victorious struggle with the older legend of creation. We have seen that even the most advanced organism, man, was not brought into being by a creative act, but gradually developed from a long series of mammal ancestors. We also saw that the most man-like mammals, the anthropoid apes, have substantially the same structure as man, and that the evolution of the latter from the former can now be regarded as a fully established hypothesis, or, rather, an historical fact. But in this study we had in view mainly the structure of the body and its various organs. We touched very briefly on the evolution of the human mind, or the immortal soul that dwells in the body for a time, according to a venerable tradition. Today we turn chiefly to the development of the soul, and consider whether man's mental development is controlled by the same natural laws as that of his body, and whether it also is inseparably bound up with that of the rest of the mammals.

At the very threshold of this difficult province we encounter the curious fact that there are two radically distinct tendencies in psychology at our universities today. On one side we have the metaphysical and professional psychologists. They still cling to the older view that man's soul is a special entity, a unique independent individuality, which dwells for a time only in the mortal frame, leaving it and living on as an immortal spirit after death. This dualistic theory is connected with the doctrine of most religions, and owes its high authority to the fact that it is associated with the most important ethical, social, and practical interests. Plato gave prominence to it in philosophy long ago. Descartes at a later date gave emphasis to it by ascribing a true soul to man alone and refusing it to the animals.

This metaphysical psychology which ruled alone for a considerable period, began to be opposed in the eighteenth, and still more in the nineteenth, century by comparative psychology. An impartial comparison of the psychic processes in the higher and lower animals proved that there were numerous transitions and gradations. A long series of intermediate stages connects the psychic life of the higher animals with that of man on the one side, and that of the lower animals on the other. There was no such thing as a sharp dividing line, as Descartes supposed.

(To be Continued.)

Capital Is Hostile to Labor, Miner Writes

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—(FP)—"Capital and labor are striving in opposite directions in the job market," writes Secy. Wm. Mitch, United Mine Workers of Indiana, in a Labor Day message. "Their interests are not identical; in fact, they are opposite. Labor is attempting to get as much as possible for the job, but is handicapped in this competitive struggle. Capital is demanding as much of the employee's energy as possible to procure for the money given and is no respecter of persons. Cheap labor is the objective of capital."

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ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

American Capital Conquering Poland

By B. K. GEBERT.

ENGLAND won a victory in Poland against France, when Pilsudski thru a bloody uprising abolished the government of Wojciechowski-Wites. Pilsudski is England's man. Pilsudski is proving to be worthy of England's support and its faith in him. Pilsudski is busy preparing for war against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and for this Pilsudski is getting further support from England. England is ordering coal from Poland. In this month, 200,000 tons of coal will be shipped from Poland to England to help break the strike of the British miners and help Pilsudski to stabilize the country to some extent.

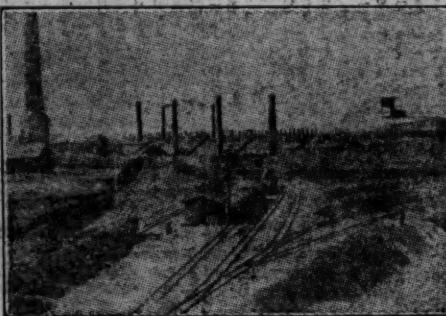
Thanks to big orders from England, the Polish miners are working overtime. The bosses are forcing the miners to work 16 and 20 hours a day.

Every attempt of the workers to stop this exploitation and to organize relief for the British miners is met with an iron fist. All literature concerning the British strike is confiscated. The workers' delegates' conference in the Zagłębie Dąbrowskie coal region, which met to discuss the problem of how to help their British brothers, was broken up by the armed forces of Pilsudski's government. It is not necessary to mention that the yellow socialists are working in this matter hand in hand with the government, and some of their papers are saying openly that the British strike is permitting Polish industry to gain its place under the sun.

But Poland is not a colony of England today. American capital is busy there getting what is worth getting.

Poland is only second to America in the production of zinc. By agreement with Pilsudski's government W. A. Harriman & Co. got absolute control of the Gieseke mines in Upper Silesia. The Gieseke establishment was valued before the war at \$100,000,000. There are about 30,000 workers working normally in this establishment. After the war part of the establishment was left in Germany, part was given to Poland. Today it is united under the American dollar.

For this huge concession Harriman paid the Polish government \$10,000,000. As the Communist deputy, Varski, said once in the Sejm (parliament), "Poland is for sale, but the price is high yet. So international capital will wait patiently till it can buy Poland cheaper." Pilsudski is selling the country cheaper than the former government. Pilsudski needs



Gieseke Zinc Works in Polish Silesia Lately Taken Over by American Capital.

money badly for war preparations.

But this is not the whole American capital invested in Poland. The Vacuum Oil Co. invested some \$6,000,000 in oil industries in Galicia.

The Radio Corporation of America has built in Warsaw a powerful radio station.

The International Match Co., for granting the government a loan of \$5,000,000 gets a monopoly on matches.

Ulen & Co. of New York are making a contract for municipal improvements in four towns for \$10,000,000, the

money to be loaned by American capitalists.

Dillon, Read & Co., banking firm of New York, loaned the Polish government \$35,000,000.

Baldwin Locomotive Works are also doing good business with Poland.

Yes, "the republic of Poland" is for sale. The buyers are English and American capitalists and others.

The ruling class is selling its economic independence. It is selling the workers and peasants to international capital, seeing clearly that their rule

"Long live the United States of America!"

"Long Live Liberty, Equality and Justice!"

What a joke. Liberty and justice in Poland. Strange words to hear in Poland, where there are more than 6,000 political prisoners in jails for crimes no other than participation in workers' organizations against the right for freedom.

Liberty and justice, where workers are shot on the streets when they dare to come to demonstrate their demands, where many are executed for their loyalty to their class, even without a trial.

Liberty and justice, where over 40 per cent of national minorities have not even the right to have school in their own language.

Equality in Poland, where millions of workers and peasants are actually starving, the ruling class robbing them of the last possession for taxes so that the government can keep a huge army ready to make a war on the workers and peasants or on Poland's neighbors.

Yes, Pilsudski's Poland is worthy of American support from the capitalist point of view. It is up to American labor to show that it is with the Poland of the workers and peasants in their dark days of Pilsudski's white terror government, against whom is rising a new wave of struggle which will not subside until the final victory is achieved.



Dr. Edwin W. Kemmerer and His Commission of Experts Arrive in Warsaw

The Real Need of the Hour

Organize the unorganized is the need and the demand of the hour.

Why should the steel industry continue to be unorganized when it has been proven convincingly and beyond the shadow of a doubt that successful organization is possible?

Remember the experiences of the great steel strike.

Why should the automobile workers remain organized when in every place where they make automobiles the workers demand organization?

Or is it better for the American labor movement that these workers remain helpless slaves of the "enlightened" Henry Ford and his like?

And while we are in the process of asking questions, we will ask a couple more—

Why are the textile workers unorganized?

On the basis of what mysterious reasoning does the American Federation of Labor boycott the organization of the rubber industry? Why should Firestone and the other rubber barons be helped by the labor movement to exploit and oppress the workers?

Organize the unorganized—this must be the message of the trade unionists of America to the forthcoming convention of the A. F. of L.

Alex Bittelman.

House Painter.

By a Painter.

Up and down the ladder
Swinging a brush
All day long.
The boss shouts faster.
More sweat.
More profits for the boss.
Less life for us.

History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

CHAPTER IV.

Conclusion.

BRIEF is our study of the history of the catholic church in Mexico has been, the conclusions to be drawn from it are inescapable.

The social basis of the church has been medievalism, peonage and domination by a bloated and futile land-owning aristocracy. As an integral part of this social order in the past the church piled up great wealth for itself, while it sought to maintain its authority by inquisitorial methods and by keeping the masses of the people in abysmal ignorance.



By Vozé

As a religious institution the church is a purveyor of gibbering superstition for the mental enslavement of the masses. But we have seen that it is ridiculous to speak of the Roman catholic church in Mexico or anywhere else as a religious institution. The clerical organization seeks to permeate every phase of economic and political life. Defense of church privileges on the grounds of "religious toleration" is therefore entirely specious—even if the mere mention of toleration by the institution responsible for the holy inquisition were not in doubtful taste.

As a political institution the church is a pillar of reaction. It has been exposed as a defender of feudal and semi-feudal privileges, an irreconcilable enemy of Mexican progress, an accomplice of the imperialist designs of foreign capital.

The Record of History.

From the foregoing chapters the reader will have noted that the history of the Mexican people since the Spanish conquest records three great forward movements:

(1) The struggle for national independence (1810-21); (2) the great pro-capitalist reform movement led by Benito Juarez, culminating in the reform laws, the Constitution of 1857 and the long-drawn-out combat with Maximilian's foreign-implanted empire; (3) the Mexican revolution which began in 1910, overthrowing the military-aristocratic dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, sweeping aside Victoriano Huerta, gradually incorporating the diverse demands of bourgeois democrats, land-hungry Indian peasants and organized industrial workers in a battle against native aristocracy and foreign imperialism.

What the role of Mexican catholicism has been in each of these historic upheavals has been made clear to us. In not one of them has the church played a part of which it dares to boast today.

A consistent foe of progress, the church cannot lay claim to a share in a single of the great liberating traditions cherished by modern Mexico.

This is a terrible indictment of any institution. The history of the Mexican people as a whole supplies the best touchstone for judging the history of the catholic church in Mexico.

Where is the Church Today?

But the last word of history has not yet been written. At the present time

Mexico is living thru one of the proudest periods of her development. Mexico has not yet a workers' and peasants' government, but the peasants are still armed in great numbers and the agrarian revolution is still going forward, while the working class, 75 per cent organized in trade unions, occupies a strategic position in the life of the nation. President Calles, a petty-bourgeois, but a sincere national-revolutionary, is carrying out a policy based upon the principle of making Mexico economically as well as politically independent. His fear that the class-conscious workers may seize too many of the good things that he wishes to accumulate for petty Mexican capitalism has led him to make some ill-conceived compromises with Wall Street and Washington—which proves that petty-bourgeois leadership cannot be trusted to pilot the Mexican revolution to fruition. Nevertheless, his program indicates many points on which a constructive Mexican nationalism can base itself.

The Mexican nation has won the admiration of all Latin America, which looks to it as a leader against U. S. aggression. Thruout Mexico, and thruout Latin America as well, there is a growing consciousness that Mexico may be able not only successfully to resist the encroachments of imperialism but to build for itself a sound, independent economic foundation in the process, and at the same time to lead Latin America along the path of unified resistance to the lords of Wall Street.

Mexican catholicism has no part in all this. As usual, it stands in open opposition to what is plainly the only program on which a truly independent Mexican nationalism can be embodied.

The Present Conflict.

The present conflict between the Calles government and the catholic hierarchy is not a religious struggle, but a struggle between the revolution and reaction. The fight to nullify the national-revolutionary constitution of 1917 has been going on for a long time. It was first waged around the anti-foreign and agrarian provisions of article 27; then it shifted for a time to article 123 (containing labor provisions); it was again concentrated on article 27 when the new oil and land laws were adopted in the spring of this year.

That the general reactionary attack is now concentrated on the anti-clerical provisions of the constitution follows as a matter of course. Since the debacle of Adolfo de la Huerta's attempted counter-revolution, the church is the only important organized reactionary force in Mexico.

On August 1 the anti-clerical provisions of the constitution were to go into effect. The provisions to which the church took particular exception were those prohibiting the church from holding property, requiring the civil registration of all priests, secularizing primary education, and denying to ecclesiastical publications the right to invade the field of politics. Against the provision for registration the clergy declared a general strike. With the advice of Rome, an interdict was laid upon the country. All church functions requiring the participation of a priest were discontinued. Twenty-five thousand priests announced themselves in open rebellion against the revolution.

Behind the church was the reaction. Wealthy Mexican aristocrats organized themselves into the League for Religious Defense and declared a boycott on luxuries, the announced purpose being to paralyze all economic life and thus bring the government to its knees.

However, the rebellion has already been clearly defeated. Its one chance of success was to split the revolutionary forces and pave the way for intervention by U. S. imperialism. This failed. All that was accomplished was to accentuate the reactionary basis of church support.

(This final chapter of The History of the Catholic Church in Mexico will be concluded next week.)

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"VARIETY."

AS I write I am still under the spell of this film. One feature after another crowds my mind to beg to be mentioned, to break the space limitations of a scant two columns. A brief few words pay no full justice to "Variety"; they are but the chirp of an humble critic to add to the deluge of deserved praise it is receiving.

The story is simple. A beautiful little creature comes into the life of "Boss" Huller, a full-chested Hamburg carnival performer. He deserts wife and child, and with a great trapeze artist, they form a trio that becomes a theatrical success. "The Great Martinelli," with whom they have joined forces, wins the girl away from "Boss." Just that and no more.

The pictorial narrative is everything. No unnecessary scenes or sets mar the film. Every picture, every flash is trimmed to center full attention on the story itself. It grips you from the beginning and you follow it thru its full development until the crashing end. It rolls up to this point with force and conviction, ever larger like a rolling snowball, until it hits a wall—and the spell is broken.

The picture is German made. The direction of Dupont is the work of an artist. Emil Jannings, he who played the king in "Passion," that splendid picture that brought Pola Negri to America and success, plays the part of "Boss." It is a brilliant characterization. This truly fine actor is coming to America this fall and American pictures are going to be the better for it—if the producers will only give him an opportunity. And then there is Lya De Putti. This girl is already in American films. She's here, but she will never be given another such medium to act in. Her work in the picture, the directing, scenario, photography—and the capable performance of Ward, an English actor, are all complimentary to the great acting of Emil Jannings. Together they make "Variety" pictorial art it is seldom our good fortune to see.

Once before this column has brought attention to this film. Once again, on its arrival in Chicago (Roosevelt Theater), we repeat, see "Variety." It is such rare film-art as this that gives us a glimpse of what a great art some day the motion picture will become.



—W. C.



LYA DE PUTTI

In The Paramount Picture "Variety"

A DOZEN IN BRIEF
"MOANA"—Yes!
"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"—No!
"MARE NOSTRUM"—No! No!
"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"—Ah, Well...
"MANTRAP"—So-so.
"SEÑOR DAREDEVIL"—Stay away.
"THE SON OF THE SHIEK"—Valentino (Harding)
"LA BOHÈME"—Fine! (Congress)
"THAT BAT"—Spooky
"TIN GODS"—Renee Adoree is always worth seeing (Belmont)
"THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN"—W. E. Woodward
"BATTING BUTLER"—Stay at home and do some reading.
NOTE: Only Chicago theaters showing a program for one week are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.

THE THEATER

"THE SONG OF THE FLAME."

YOU are thrown into absolute darkness. A strange song is in the air. Then the curtain goes up on a scene that will thrill your aching, boss-ridden bones to their very marrow. A sea of hands—just hands, gnarled, abused hands of labor—are the only things you see in a stream of light, and the rest is lost in a gradual dimness that fades into black.

This is the first scene of "The Song of the Flame," showing at the Apollo Theater in Chicago, so beautifully unexpected in a "romantic opera" it will thrill you as few things can. It is Russia—March of 1917. And the next scene is "October." An agitator is in the street—the people are moving, moving—you can feel something big in the air. At this moment you hope and you wonder—is this—can this be? But no, it's the American stage. Don't worry, you won't be disappointed. The theme is too big for the authors and the producers. It degenerates into just an operetta that is worth seeing, it is true, but only because it has some good music, costumes and scenery. The big thing you feel for a moment is lost sight of.

Its social viewpoint is a hodge-podge. In the first act "the flame" tells us she is against the czar and nobility, but also against the Communist government—"against all government that preaches class hatred." So the bourgeoisie is pictured as degenerate, a Bolshevik commissar as a crook (but without whiskers for a change), and the flame as a savior of "the people of Russia." You'll recognize "the people of Russia" as our old friend "the public."

But the singing is something else again. A Russian art choir of some fifty voices is magnificent. All the old Russian folk songs you've heard are made beautiful by these people. You will forget the social aspects of

the play, you will forgive the comedy (if you're big-hearted), you will overlook even the symbolic last scene, the you will find it hard to do this—and you will wink an eye at most of it because you will have heard that choir and will have felt that this at least was alone worth the price of admission.

The music is splendid. It carries you along and follows you home. You will hum "The Song of the Flame" and whistle stray snatches of other tunes that tantalizingly stay with you. Joseph Urban made the scenery a pretty background for striking costume display. Tessa Kosta plays the flame—she sings well. Guy Robertson is the romantic lover of the matinee type. You've seen the kind before.

If you are provoked by stupidity don't go. The authors are full of it. But if you can bear part of it patiently you will be rewarded with good song and music—and despite the authors you will feel moving masses, something big, something that someday, someone of "our" artists will bring to us workers and we will gladly acknowledge as "our own." W. C.



Ethyl Is Back

So now that we know that lead means "lead drop," "lead colic," paralysis, sterility, convulsions, insanity and death, let us proceed to the surgeon-general's conference called to examine the harmful effects of tetraethyl and see what attempts have been made to protect the workers and the public against tetraethyl lead.

The conference is made up of representatives of Standard Oil, General Motors, the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation and professors and physicians retained by them, a few public health authorities, some individual professors who have helped the campaign against tetraethyl, and a representative of the A. F. of L. and two from the Workers' Health Bureau. The conference is opened by the secretary of the interior and the chair is taken by the surgeon-general. The delegates are welcomed, thanked, congratulated and told not to be apprehensive of the outcome. The cabinet officer and the surgeon-general address the delegates rather diffidently. They are aware of the immense difference in rank between themselves—mere government officers—and these representatives of mighty corporations. The chairman regrets that there are too many delegates for them all to "get together around one table." He begins by informing them that there aren't any laws under which the government could control the manufacture and sale of ethyl gasoline anyway. The whole tone of the conference is extremely cordial. Everyone modestly prefacing his statements with "I suggest" or "I submit." Only occasionally a Standard Oil delegate "insists" or "declares." Occasionally the weak and dilute humor common at scientific gatherings floats out over the meeting.

But the first thing we must notice is the explicit statement by the surgeon-general that the conference was called to consider the possible hazard to the public involved in the distribution and sale of ethyl gasoline. In other words, the conference is not in the least concerned with the hazard to the workers involved in the manufacture. And it may pay us to remember that whatever findings this conference reached do not apply to the dangers to the workers involved in the manufacture.

From time to time the fact is reiterated that the conference is not considering the hazards involved in manufacture. Just how little anyone is considering it may be seen from the statement of Mr. Frank Howard of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. In his eagerness to show how safe it is to handle ethyl gasoline he oversteps himself and lets the cat out of the bag (from the stenographic report): "It has been handled without any precautions at all, without any thing more than the most obvious precautions, until the unfortunate accident which happened in our pilot manufacturing plant last November. That was a manufacturing hazard, and is not a point of discussion here."

Other representatives of the corporations speak on the indispensability of tetraethyl lead, of the tremendous industrial advance involved in ethyl gasoline. Then Dr. Kehoe of the Cincinnati College of Medicine, retained by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, recounts lengthy experiments which he has performed, all of which prove that ethyl gasoline is quite harmless to the public.

However, the corporations are far from having a walkover. Some of the independent scientists who are there at their own expense proceed to give the corporation representatives several bad half-hours. Chief among

them is Yandell Henderson, professor of physiological chemistry at Yale. Prof. Henderson is apparently a man with a conscience. Certainly he is a man of broad knowledge and experience in his line. He identified and fought the occupational disease of mercury poisoning among the Danbury hatters. During the war he was in charge of important work for the government on poison gas and gas masks. And thus knowing something about poison gases, he was one of the lead-

unwarned of any danger, filling tanks with the pure tetraethyl lead, getting his arms soaked in it, and contracting lead poisoning. But Dr. Kehoe has a ready answer for that. "Oh, yes," says the doctor blithely, "we know of that case. But we had one of our own physicians examine the man. He didn't have lead poisoning. He had neurasthenia."

After that we had better stop to catch our breath. For ourselves we believe the man had whooping-cough.



By Gerger

ers in the campaign against ethyl gasoline. He talks with refreshing frankness:

"I find that the industrial people, men engaged in industry, chemists, take it as a matter of course that a little thing like industrial poisoning should not be allowed to stand in the way of great industrial advance."

He then takes Dr. Kehoe's long argument and proceeds to smash it to splinters. First: Dr. Kehoe attempts to explain away certain unfavorable results by showing that the dust in his experimental chamber contained 10 per cent lead. This, far from being a defense, is a most severe indictment, for it shows what would be the conditions in a garage where ethyl gasoline is used. Second: It is admitted that lead is absorbed from ethyl gasoline thru the skin. What is going to happen in garages and among garage workers where gasoline is splashed around considerably? Third:

The case of the Columbia experimenters. Two professors at Columbia University were carrying on an investigation of ethyl gasoline. Despite the fact that they were fully aware of the danger, and in spite of a technique involving fastidious care, two of the experimenters were found to have absorbed lead and were forced to discontinue their work. Fourth: The fact that some of the animals in Dr. Kehoe's experiments showed no symptoms of lead poisoning proves nothing, as lead is cumulative.

Prof. Henderson continues with a tremendously important statement: "Do not forget that lead is cumulative. Lead poisoning is almost comparable in extent to tuberculosis as a disease in the body politic." There are tens of thousands of people who have lead in their bodies but not yet enough to give them lead poisoning. Add to this an extra dose in the form of dust lying around the streets from automobile exhausts and you will push thousands of them over the brink into lead poisoning.

So far 11 to 15 men have been killed, between 50 and 100 poisoned more or less severely. Why are the figures so vague? "We have not heard of all the cases, and I do not know just what inference to draw from that." Prof. Henderson reads a letter from a man describing how he worked in a blending station in Whiting, Ind.,

Prof. Henderson informs the conference that the fact that few cases of lead poisoning were reported where ethyl gasoline was used proves nothing as "99% ordinary practicing physicians out of a thousand would fail to recognize lead poisoning when the lead is inhaled." He then delivers a parting shot. "On March 13, 1922, I . . . and others were asked by the company to make an investigation. . . . I intimated I was willing provided we could do it freely, without any dictation, and simply to find the facts. The investigation was not made."

Miss Burnham of the Workers' Health Bureau estimates that, roughly, 770,000 workers, not reckoning those engaged in its manufacture, would be exposed to the danger of lead poisoning if the use of ethyl gasoline becomes general. She wants to know why there is no authoritative list of the actual deaths and injuries. It seems the conference admits 11 killed and 149 injured. Amidst all these claims and counterclaims she wants to know what happened to the poisoned men after they were laid off or discharged. Were they re-employed in other industries or did they remain permanently injured?

However, these are trifles. The conference passes a resolution calling for an investigation by a small committee to be chosen by the surgeon-general, and adjourns.

The conference was in May, 1925, and in January, 1926, the investigating committee made its report. The report vindicated ethyl gasoline. And yet, as we read the report itself, it seems to be far less of a vindication than we had thought after seeing the headlines in the papers. In fact, it seems as if the gentlemen comprising the committee are exceedingly cautious about attaching their names to any definite statement that ethyl gasoline is safe in use. We read: "In conclusion we beg to say that we are conscious of the fact that the conclusions to which we have come in this report, altho based upon most careful conscientious investigations, are subject to the criticism that they have been derived from the study of a relatively small number of individuals who were exposed to the effects of the ethyl gasoline for a period of time relatively brief when we consider the

possibilities in connection with lead poisoning. A more extensive study was not possible on account of the limited time. It remains possible that if the use of lead gasoline becomes widespread conditions may arise very different from those studied by us, which would render its use more of a hazard than would appear to be the case from this investigation. Longer experience may show that even such slight storage of lead as was observed in these studies may lead eventually in susceptible individuals to recognizable lead poisoning or to chronic degenerative diseases of a less obvious character.

"Your committee begs to report that in their opinion there are at present no good grounds for prohibiting the use of ethyl gasoline of the composition specified, provided its distribution and use are controlled by proper regulations."

And now the joker! Quick! A list of regulations are drawn up which are recommended to the several states. Somewhat similar to the way regulations against lynching and child labor are recommended to the several states.

However, altho this report is a half-hearted vindication, it is nevertheless a vindication. Was it based on an impartial investigation? Let us consult the technical journals.

An editorial from Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering: "Early resumption of the national distribution of ethyl gasoline as a result of the favorable outcome of the surgeon-general's investigation will be welcomed by more than one of the chemical engineering industries. . . . The raw material required in this synthesis . . . and other ingredients in the anti-knock compound held an interest for many branches of chemical industry."

An engagingly frank note in the Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry: "Too often the enthusiasm of the manufacturer leads him to minimize the hazards both to the employee and the public and his investigations are not as thorough as could be wished. Then, too, in contrast with the present case" (of course, in contrast with the present case) "an emergency may arise and pressure be brought to bear upon him before he discontinues manufacture."

And now, having seen how dangerous ethyl gasoline is, let us attack the whole fraud about its indispensability. Are there, as the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation would like to maintain, no other substances which eliminate the knock? There are several. Each has its own advantages and disadvantages.

First: A mixture of 60 per cent benzol and 40 per cent gasoline produces absolutely no knock. So effective is this mixture that it is taken as a standard in discussing anti-knock properties. "Mitchell's gas" is an example of a benzol blend. The disadvantage is that there is no present possibility of producing benzol in any place near sufficient quantities to take care of all the gasoline used.

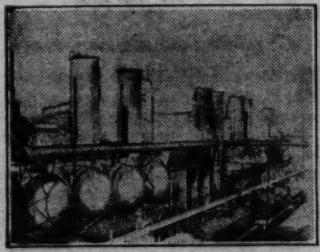
Second: Gasoline produced by the process known as "cracking"—so-called "cracked gasoline"—has natural anti-knock qualities, due to the fact that it contains oils of the benzol type. It is claimed, however, that cracked gasoline does not increase in efficiency with higher compression.

Third: The Gulf Refining Company, the Sun Oil Company, the Texas Company are all selling gasolines of unspecified composition which they claim are anti-knock. Their claims as to the efficacy of their fuels are just as much (or as little) worthy of belief as the claims of the louder-mouthed Standard Oil.

One thing is certain, that in a couple of decades the attempt of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation to manufacture and distribute for general use such a fatal substance as tetraethyl lead will be recognized as one of the most colossal pieces of impudence and stupidity in the whole history of chemical industry.

But for the present "Ethyl is back!" And unless the workers who have to handle it take drastic action there will be increasing lists of victims of this "great industrial advance."

*First part of this article appeared in the Sept. 11 issue of this magazine.



YOUNG PROLETAIRE

YOUNG Proletaire was born somewhere, but belongs to no country, he is the world's adventurer. He speaks the living languages of east and west.

Hard as nails, shaggy as bark, a laughing, fighting young giant. Dangerous and magnetic, with red hair like a bonfire, blue eyes like bayonets, and a chest like the bulge of a mountain.

Hands like machines. Precise and hard. His wonderful hands can create anything man needs; he knows all the trades.

He works; he digs coal, scoops foundations, flings up vast skyscrapers like songs roared by a drunkard: He plays with rivers of white-hot steel. He fashions subways, sculptures aeroplanes, models locomotives. Wheat, green and gold he paints over miles of prairie canvas. Firm grace of his Panama Canal. Tosses thunderbolts thru the air, is electrician and radio man. Hammers out new music and is actor in huge plays. Artist, scientist, worker—is everything.

Working girls are crazy about him—father of bold, exuberant, sun-tanned children. Healthy as a wild mustang—and a lover thrilling as a ride on a Coney Island roller coaster. Even nice ladies forget pale Phi Beta Kappa husbands when he's around.

For he's no slave but the world's immortal wild young adventurer. Hurrah for life! He knows how to make up his mind.

2 FIGHTS PAUL BUNYAN.

PAUL BUNYAN, a middle-aged American giant, was foreman over the workers of America. He had been a worker himself for long years, but had been corrupted by a mean little Miser who owned, thru black magic, the fields and factories of America. This gave Bunyan a Ford car, a house, a pretty lawn and a white collar, and thus corrupted him. Paul Bunyan handed the Miser his soul for these things. He was converted from a man into a merciless go-getter and driver, a scissor-bill with a scab soul.

Young Proletaire was sprawled lazily one noon the length of the high palisades, dreaming over New York, that giant's best dream. Paul Bunyan suddenly was above him, kicking at his face with hob-nailed boots, and snarling: "Now I found yeh, yeh agitator! Get the hell back to the country you come from, I'm boss here!"

Young Proletaire was taken by surprise. He sprang to his feet.

"I'm a worker. So are you. Why do you fight for the Miser?" Young Proletaire said clearly.

"Paul Bunyan went raging mad.

"I hate your guts—don't argue, fight," he shouted.

"You are the guy who makes rebels and slackers. America isn't big enough for both of us."

So they fought. The battle thundered over mountains and down valleys for a bloody day. Lakes were dried up; railroads twisted to rusty junk; cities smashed to splinters like teacups. Blood gushed in rivers down the smooth auto roads. Farms died and were deserted like old dead work horses. Factories were smitten, and rats and spiders haunted them, as tho they were feudal castles.

A terrible time it was: worse than a Wall Street panic year, but not quite as bad as one of the Miser's frequent international wars. Revolution!

The end came in Seattle. Paul Bunyan was licked, lay exhausted in the dirt. Young Proletaire loomed over him, steady and alert. Decided to finish Bunyan forever. An old lady remonstrated. Wanted another chance given the man-driver.

"Incurable," pronounced Young Proletaire clearly, "and he himself said there wasn't room enough for both of us in America."

He finished the job. Old lady went back filled with ethical sorrow to rocking chair and pussy-cats and Hindu poetry. Young Proletaire dived from a mountain into the Pacific and splashed about lustily, let the good sun and water heal his many wounds. In a month he was healed and ready again for work and play. Hurrah for life!

3 CLOSES THE HOT AIR FACTORY.

THERE was a factory of hot air, run by lawyers. The seat of government, manufactured the "laws." No one respected it, but all deemed it necessary.

The Miser owned all the lawyers, bought them with Packards. To him their hot air was necessary—a screen between his throne and the workers, who believed in democracy.

Young Proletaire watched the lawyers at work.

"Useless!" he muttered. "Hot air grows no wheat, runs no railroads, writes no poems!"

He hated hot air, had always loved the cold clean electric air of truth.

How to govern the fields, factories, mines and theaters of America? He called to him miners, farmers, machinists, artists, engineers and other workers.

"Shall the lawyers govern you with hot air," he asked.

"No!" they shouted, "we can govern ourselves."

So the lawyers were shipped on the Buford to the North Pole to harvest the next summer's ice-crop. Useless at last. North Pole is no place for hot air, which is why it was chosen.

The workers governed themselves. Things really went much better. There was no one to confuse them at their creative tasks. Truth became the fashion. This was his first achievement.

4 WRESTLES WITH A SPIRIT.

YOUNG Proletaire was sowing the Bad Lands of Wyoming with garden cities and workers' com-

munes. A huge epic. One day, weary, he took a ramble thru Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and other great places nearby. A refreshing holiday, but when he returned to camp, a strange picture met his eye.

Work had stopped and the men and women were lying on the ground, dishevelled and mauldin. Some rolled in filth like animals; others roared insane laughter; some wept; others were quiet as corpses.

"What's wrong?" Young Proletaire asked.

A woman lifted a tragic, tear-blown face.

"We are slaves," she moaned, "born to slavery. We want a master. Responsibility is horrible."

"I'm afraid," another shrieked. "We are too darling, we are going too fast. Something terrible will happen."

"We are defeated," the eerie chorus arose.

"Let us go back to democracy. Let us find, instead of our old corrupt rulers, a few honest hot-airists and misers. Then all will be well again."

Young Proletaire guessed what had happened. The Spirit of the Past, bootlegger of wood alcohol and poisonous ideas, had sneaked into camp. Young Proletaire kicked some of the grovelling pessimists upright and made them tell him where the Spirit was hiding. They told: He found the Spirit and wrestled with him, while the camp watched. The old man was a tough, wily, expert battler, knew a thousand tricks. But the young giant had youth and steel. Proletaire won after a severe bout.

And he smashed the barrels of rotgut in the bootlegger's closed car, and kicked the Spirit clean over the Rockies into the interior of Tibet, to land in a monastery of Lamas drowsing over their beads.

"That's where you belong," Young Proletaire shouted, shaking his fist after the old scoundrel. "Do your dirty



By Fred Ellis

work there for another fifty years, till I've time to clean up that part of the dynamic world."

The camp went back to work, with only a slight hangover. Watching his people toiling and singing in the sun, Young Proletaire knew these orgies of pessimism might occur again.

"But their children! their children! born in the sunshine of the free commune: they will not succumb," the young giant muttered in his fist, and his words were like a paeon of victory, and they were like a grim prayer.

5 MAN AND WOMAN.

HE met a man and a woman bitterly fighting before a Home. They were middle-aged, exhausted by life and they owned a swarm of children, nervous and unhappy.

Young Proletaire stopped and asked:

"How long have you two been fighting?"

"Twenty-five years," the woman screamed, "and don't you dare interfere. Matrimony is a holy bond. And if we were divorced what would become of the children?"

Young Proletaire whistled and the children ran after him gladly. They followed him to a children's commune where they were treated like free scientists and poets, and not like slaves of Home.

Then the careless young giant went back and broke up the Home.

"Unnecessary and evil," he said briefly.

"Makes egotists of man and women—narrow, stupid. Must release them into the world."

"Based on private property. Father necessary to support child-bearing woman, and educate the children. Community now does this better. No more private worrying."

"Home hurts children. Breeds inferiority—breeds fear. Reproduces stupid delusions of the parents; no progress possible."

"Children belong to the world—not to parents."

"Parents not trained. Better leave children to genius teachers who love the job—not sick prisoned mother and sick slave father."

"No more gratitude to silly parents. No more ties with past—all clear ahead. Fly, young eagles!"

"What function has home? Community runs better schools, kitchens, hospitals, workshops, laundries, houses, art centers, centers of understanding, etc., etc. What function remains?"

"Is useless and evil—based on private property and egotism—must go."

This is another achievement.

A Fable

6. IS AN AMUSING ORATOR.

A BUNCH of elderly scared artists had run away from the new America and were living in a cave. There they spent the gloomy days painting and writing. Each suspected the other and wrote and painted only for himself.

Their work was mostly a rehash of the contents of old museums and libraries. They agreed on one thing: all hated machinery and yearned for the past.

But some wanted Greece, others India, others Africa. A few craved the middle ages, inquisition, guilds and handmade pottery. A few the happy days of Daniel Boone in America: not a new social world, but Indians to fight. No toilets, bath-tubs, typewriters. The simple life. Quiet. Art. So they lived in a cave and hated each other.

Young Proletaire thought he would sanitise them. Teach them to accept change. To be young, dynamic and brave. He dragged them blinking from cave-stanch and fleas into the world sunlight.

He was a doctor and made them an oration.

"Fellow-workers, are you happy? No. Has your work improved since you fled the New America and took to a cave? No, it has become progressively rotten. Why do you fear the machines? Their noises? The slavery they have set up? Yes, but all that is past. Only four hours work a day now, in factories built by sculptors, doctors and engineers. The nation owns the machines now. No more wage slavery, cheapness, adulteration, commercialism. All that was part of the miser's America—not ours.

"The machines give us leisure. They are our slaves now. And they give us creative joy.

"Yes, we have joy of the machines. They are truth in action. Their swift lines are the new sculpture. Their rhythms are in the new man's music. Precision: mathematics; world law.

"Have destroyed bunk. In art and science, have killed rhetoric, metaphysics.

"No, they have not killed Art. Only weak art, false art. Art will always live. Needs no protective tariff. gentlemen.

"Introspective art has died, you say? Noble study of the umbilical! Good. We will now study the world. "Machines move like the planets, with grand and awful precision. And we are the gods who set them moving.

"They have given us a thousand fingers, eyes, ears and senses.

"Our thought moves at a ratio of 25 to 1 over the old humanity. Earth diggers behind a plow plodded in thought at four miles an hour. Our minds move with aeroplane wings, 100 miles an hour. Speed.

"The ecstasy of speed is better than the ecstasy of fear of grovelling before a god. Is not a lie, but physics. Is healthy. Is controlled by man. Needs no dogma or priests or inquisition. Machine-speed.

"Machines are the death of child-magic. But are the birth of man-magic.

"Machines are the will of man. He is master of life.

"Machines make man social. An individual cannot create a dynamo.

"Machines unnatural, you say? But what is natural? Only rocks, trees, fleas and germs? Is not man's thought natural. Machines are thought expressed in steel.

"What have you to offer the worker in place of the machines?

"Serkdom to priests and feudal landlords. Wattled huts.

"What have you to offer the artist in place of the machines?

"Roses and nightingales in libraries. Quiet cultured decay. Museums. Oscar Wilde and art for art's sake. Despair. Little complaints. Hand-woven neckties. Lurid ego-retchings. Parisian post cards of naked ladies. Peter Pan. Village morbidity. Inbreeding. Academic cowardice. The Oxford malinger. Tom Jones, the picarosque. O, the picarosque! The spiritual! The soul! The vacuum!

"And love—in three jealous acts in a bedroom, with a shooting or happy clinch at final curtain. This is your art. Stupid. Smells of the cave.

"Machines take man out of the bedrooms and villages, into immense arenas known as factories and revolutions. Better than boudoirs and monasteries. Heroic.

"Machines have come to stay. We love them heroically, as men once loved the Thunder-God.

"Accept the machines or continue in your damp, mal subjective cave."

The writers and painters chose to remain in their cave. They were old; it was an effort to pull one's life about one's ears, and build anew. New thoughts are agony at first, like a boy's puberty.

But millions of better artists were being born among the workers each year. So Young Proletaire did not lack for art.

7. THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

SOMEONE warned Young Proletaire of a rumor.

"You have persecuted god, changed his temples into gymsnasiums and movie houses. Therefore, in his infinite mercy, he is planning to shatter you with his infinite and divine revenge."

Young Proletaire picked his teeth with a fir-tree.

"There is no god," he said easily, "there is Man."

"But how do you explain the world?" it was stammered.

"The world was not meant to be explained, but to be changed by man," answered the young giant with a

MICHAEL GOLD

... who always enjoyed a little metaphysics after
"But—but—but—" "No, but—but—" "If in the future—" "Let tomorrow make its own discoveries," he answered tolerantly. "And you do not fear god?" "No, how can one fear primitive science? A thought in the brain? What, would you have me turn masochist?"

8. THE REVOLT OF THE INDIVIDUALISTS.

HERE were individualists in the New America. Some were cured and happy, but many were still vain, pompos, jealous. Anxious for medals and special rewards. Afflicted with the obsession of the elder world that each man was the center of life, and caused the sun to rise and set.

They did not believe in organization, but one day they came together to organize a revolt. "I used to be a great writer of novels," one wept, and a thousand intellectuals read my books, and I received honor and royalties. Now a million people read my books, and I receive, not royalties, but a worker's wage, awful."

"I was a shopkeeper, a free man. I was free to buy and sell, to cheat and be cheated," said another. "But a slave now—can't make any money—must work with others."

"I was a technician. If it were not for me the factories could not run. I was the enemy of the workers—their master. Now I am their fellow-worker and must pretend to be their friend."

"I worked my way up from the bottom and became a millionaire. Now there no millionaires."

"I was a superman," wailed still another, "and they took my income and forced me to work like everyone else."

And so on and so on. The complaints were as bitter and numerous as there were individuals at the meeting. All agreed on one point, however—that each man created his own life by his own efforts, and was entitled to his special success. And they sent a delegation to Young Proletaire and demanded a return to individualism.

"We do not believe in your social order," they said. "This is a hive, an army, a mechanism that crushes our souls. We are free men. Give us back our little shops, our incomes, our royalties and medals and rank. Our god-given right to feel better than others. We want freedom."

"Certainly," said Young Proletaire with a smile.

He had them shipped off to the Rocky Mountains, where each was given a private farm a hundred miles from his neighbor. There they were free to run stores for themselves, to write novels, teach their children, grab their own food, dig irrigation ditches, study languages, make laboratory experiments, discuss philosophy, fell trees, build subways, acquire new libraries and earn a million dollars. Freedom. Individualism. But they did not enjoy it. They were free now. Lone-some. Impotent. They trooped back in a week and asked to be restored to their old jobs.

"Science is social. It depends on numberless experiments by centuries of unknown workers."

"Art is social. It is the growth of multitudes of minds since the primitive."

"Language is social."

"All thought is social."

"All economic effort is social. A million dollars is created by a community—not a man."

"And so on and so on," Young Proletaire repeated with a bored expression to them, for this was old stuff and only these hoary anachronisms hadn't heard of it. And that ended that.

8. MANY EXPERIMENTS.

MANY experiments were tried under the leadership of Young Proletaire. Everything seemed possible of accomplishment in the New America; there was a naive optimism abroad, a belief in miracles. And thus many miracles did constantly take place.

"Let us change the course of the Gulf Stream, and spread eternal spring over America," a worker would suggest to Young Proletaire.

The leader did not command that the man be thrust into a mad house, as was always happening under Coddidge.

"A good idea. Have you a plan?" he would say, instead. If there was a fair plan, the nation tried such experiments.

He grew afraid not of experimenting, but of standing still. Once it had been said human nature could not be changed, but now it was changing rapidly. It was found to be as controllable as the nature of horses or dogs. Environment was the clue—and the community now controlled environment.

Young Proletaire established thousands of Behaviorist laboratory communes where the human nature of children was constantly changed and bettered thru training. Thus a race of supermen was being formed.

Once there had been an army. Many sincere people believed murder was part of man's heritage. But Young Proletaire abolished the army—armies only protected private property and there was no more private property, he said.

After the army was abolished, life went on as before, and even liberals were convinced murder was not necessary.

Fighting went on—but in the realm of ideas, and it sharpened the mind and will of the fighters.

Young Proletaire rebuilt New York, Chicago, Pitts-

Scenes From the Hell of Europe

II.

By HENRI BARBUSSE.

ONE could not undertake with any pretense of completeness, the narration of the martyrdom undergone by the prisoners of Bulgaria, of Roumania, of Jugoslavia.

In Roumania there is a special prison for political prisoners. It is the central prison of Doftana. It consists entirely of dungeons. The beds are screwed to the walls. During the day they are raised up and the prisoners are compelled to stand up. The food is vile and the "inmates" suffer from hunger. The prison possesses a special section, Section N, called the torture-section. Hundreds and thousands of workers and peasants are tormented there. The inmates of this section are chained hand and foot and are submitted three times a week to the "black fast" (dry bread and water).

Shut up in veritable sacks of stone, called "guerles," constructed out of a single block of fortified concrete, the prisoners await death which will liberate them from the vermin and from suffering. They are unable to stir and must sleep standing. It is a vertical coffin.

For the least infraction or error, for example, failure to salute, they lock them in casemates where they are obliged to remain seated on the cement and in water, hands and feet chained. Those who beseech for human treatment are noted down; they condemn them to one, two, five years of prison and they make them travel from jail to jail. They do not remain longer than a week in each prison and are always shut up in dungeons, chained hand and foot, without linen, in rage; thus they make a round of all Roumania.

At Doftana, there is a "Section H" where they put the "undisciplined" prisoners. There the dungeons are three meters by one meter (about nine and a half by four and a half feet—transl.), without air, without beds, without tables or chairs, without sanitary installations. No water for washing oneself, no linen for months. The food is unclean, and yet insufficient! (Thirty kilos of soup for two hundred prisoners). They give them unpeeled potatoes which they put into a bucket: they boil them, then they add salt water up to the top of the bucket (water which makes the body swell up and causes nephritis). The prisoners drink out of the same bowl, even the tubercular and syphilitic. They put such manacles on them that one can soon see the very obvious thinning of their wrists. They continually apply the cudgel to them. Beaten on the soles of their feet, the prisoners are unable to walk when they are sent back to their cells; their comrades are forbidden to support them.

One cannot endure this regime for more than several months. When one leaves there, one leaves it hebetated or epileptic, but usually one dies there. In six months, out of sixty-three prisoners put in Section H, only twelve remained alive. During the spring of 1923, there were thirty-eight deaths at Doftana, thirty-six of which were from Section H.

When the prisoners are ill, they let them die. As for example, Ivanuz, tubercular, at Jilava. To be sure, there is a doctor, but he never touches a prisoner. He contents himself with demanding jugs of wine from relatives for transferring the sick person to the sanitarium. I have seen a poor woman without any resources from whom the doctor had demanded 10,000 lei to have her husband transported to the hospital; she was unable to do it.

According to the regulations, one should not remain at Doftana more than six months. There are some who have been there for five years for "pacifist" or "syndicalist propaganda."

M. Tchernatz, director-general of prisons, has instituted compulsory labor for prisoners in order to draw profit from it. They work under the cudgel. Soldiers, with bayonets ten centimeters (about four inches—transl.) from their bodies, keep them from drinking or from relieving themselves as long as the work is unfinished.

Naturally, the prisoners try to commit suicide. But outside of the hunger strike, it is difficult for them. I

... all the ugly chaotic man-slaying American cities. Yes, he made of them throbbing, beautiful communities—huge works of social art—planned effort of the mass-artist.

There was no money to be made out of these things, so no one obstructed, all had something to gain.

A curious wave of health set in; there was much less disease, because no one worried over old age or poverty. Workers were always provided for, the future was certain. There were no savings banks, but neither were there pauper homes.

Everyone belonged. Everyone had some useful job. It was queer, but people grew friendlier, the world was an enemy no longer, but exactly like one's own house. Men were like a family. Yes, this was health.

No one whimpered. All created. There were endless adventures each year, and enough hard work. And America was thankful Young Proletaire had come, tho at first most had feared him because new thought is an agony.

At first they called him a mad dog, but then later they called him the Messiah. As in Russia, so here too, the human race grew by a few inches. Great deeds were done and there was no money.

This is the end of my fable.

have been told the story of one of them who tried to die by swallowing tincture of iodine.

There are "rebellions" concocted by the management and the convict-guards. An epileptic having fallen upon a keeper in the course of a fit, they spread the rumor that he had wanted to kill him; and then followed a feast of reprisals.

The military fortress of Jilava had been transformed into a prison by the Germans when they occupied Bucharest. It is a living tomb. The prison, buried ten meters beneath the ground, is entirely of concrete. The regime is particularly severe. The "disciplined" are shut up for ten days in "cement sacks" where they cannot make a single move.

The prison of Vakarechta is the largest in Roumania. It was constructed for 2,000 persons; nevertheless, it actually confines no less than 3,000 inmates. The disciplined are shut up in special dungeons of two meters and are obliged to remain standing there.

The regime of prisons and prisoners in other Balkan centers is identical with the Roumanian regime. To describe it would mean to recomment the descriptions which I have just given only changing the proper names.

Rights of defense? They do not exist. In Bulgaria, the lawyers are not allowed to converse in private with the prisoners whom they are defending. An official is present at the conversation.

Escaped Bulgarian prisoners who had succeeded in gaining the Turkish frontier have told us of the arbitrary manner in which they proceeded in their examinations: at times it was an ordinary corporal punishment. In many cases, enormously long imprisonments before trial without examination. In Roumania there are innumerable cases like that of Ivanuz who was arrested for no special reason, solely for his opinions or because he was a supporter of the plebiscite in Bessarabia, serving four and a half months of prison before trial and dying there of tuberculosis; others have served years.

The Roumanian lawyer, Boujor, chained in a dungeon without a window, went insane. The Bulgarian, Aseen Vaptzarov, having gone insane following the compression of his head by an instrument of torture, is let loose in his home. He kills his wife and child with an axe—and hangs himself.

They now have proof that the journalist, Herbst, had been burned alive in the central heating apparatus of the organization of National Safety at Sofia (the very building which had been confiscated from the large cooperative, Osvabodenie), together with two former officers and another journalist; he offered a constant opposition to the government and had written an article in his journal, *Vik*, which has displeased the higher-ups.

Max Goldstein, condemned to life imprisonment at Bucharest, went on a hunger strike, his life in the dungeon being nothing more than a long torture. On the fortieth day, he agreed, after supplications by his family, to take food again, but the director of the prison gave the order that he should not be allowed to eat. He died ten days later. The same order was given in the Romanian prison of Doftana in regard to twenty-seven political prisoners who had begun their hunger strike. When the news was published, these twenty-seven prisoners had not eaten for three weeks. In many cities of old Roumania and of Transylvania, they proceeded to arrest the workers en masse who protested against the murder of Max Goldstein.

To render the fury of their executioners impotent, the prisoners have only this voluntary sacrifice, the hunger strike. The growing terrors of this carnal punishment, directed by the will, requiring during the first days, an almost superhuman strength of spirit, have been minutely described. In this Roumanian prison of Jilava where there are prisoners who have been so severely beaten that the blood came thru their clothes, statistics of the month of May, 1925, have established the fact that seventy prisoners had together completed 1,340 days of a hunger strike.

I am preciously treasuring a wretched bit of paper, a letter which the Roumanian political prisoners, informed, I do not know how, of my passing thru the country, succeeded in giving me to keep. The treatment which these men undergo surpasses all imagination, and they are only accused of delinquencies of opinion, and, as I have said, it is even sufficient for them to be suspected of "sympathizing" with the adversaries of the government.

Here are a few lines of this heart-rending appeal: "The tobacco passage" to the point of blood, with the help of knotted cudgels and bull pizzles, hair torn out, heads beaten against the wall, feet trampled upon to the point of fainting, all these things which you have read are little beside that which we have suffered at the hands of the Safety's police. (I have suppressed the name). Tied upright, with knees touching the chin, arms crossed over a peg, we were gagged, the heel of the executioners on our throats in order to keep us from crying out. This lasted for hours and whole days. When we fainted away, they drenched us with water in order to make us suffer martyrdom anew to the point of exhaustion after we had been revived. Husbands maltreated before their wives, parents before their children, were exposed to one another as examples. Some of us were lodged next to the torture chamber amidst the sound of blows, of cries, and of death-rattles."

JENNIE



—By Rose Pastor Stokes.

A woman's story

JUST a rank and filer.

"Have you ever seen such a blower?"

"Come here, Jennie; let me introduce you to . . ."

That's how we met. Afterward we got acquainted.

Girls have a way of telling you things, if you're lucky. I was. That's how I happen to know about Jennie. And if the story I tell doesn't read the way I would normally tell it, it is because, somehow, it must be told the way Jennie would tell it. If it reads too quietly for you, get the point nevertheless, and don't quarrel with me.

JENNIE was going to write him. Not that she couldn't "happen" to meet him, maybe near his place of work, and try to say it to him. Only, in her excitement, she might say the wrong thing. Or say the right thing badly. Jennie knew her deficiencies. Also she knew Sam's weaknesses. She mustn't bungle. Better write him.

She'd write on Sunday—the day on Long Island, with Yetta. Yetta had asked her out for the day. There she'd have time and quiet to write him a long letter—say all that should be said, clear away the misunderstanding. Sam would forgive her and again her sun would shine.

Jennie and Sam had quarreled. Over a senseless thing, a foolish trifl. They had seen Pola Negri in a picture and fell to quarreling over her quality as an actress. A stupid thing to quarrel over. If it had been over the labor movement . . . But over Pola!

Quer! and she'd always been so patient with him. Sam wasn't yet a left-winger—just on the way. So they'd argued a lot about those questions. But always without quarreling. And here, over a trifl, over a thing that didn't matter, she had to go and fly off the handle, call names.

Jennie was sure it never would have happened but for the day. A spring day. Something about a day like that always gets you. Guessed it was the kind of life you've got to live. If she and Sam had been married she thought it would have been different. Just the same she shouldn't have let that day get her, and over a thing like that. Or she should have apologized, right away. Instead of letting him go the way she did—him saying if that's the way she felt about it he guesses she didn't care to see him again. So won't trouble her any more.

She would have written him that very night. But she was tired. You know how. A show, Saturday night, on top of a hard week's work. Tired? She was that tired, thoughts of Sam couldn't keep her awake. Dropped right off. Slept like a log, that's how tired she was.

Next day Jennie didn't wake till eleven. By the time she'd made the bed, swept, dusted, took a bath, got breakfast, it was one. Then there were the things to wash. Some of them to iron. You know how it is

with a Sunday. All the week's work to be done. If you don't do them things you have to let them wait till next Sunday, and next Sunday it might rain. Of course, if you've got plenty of things to wear, it don't matter. She? Well, she couldn't get along unless she washed. There was no other time. Monday? Monday night, fraction night. Tuesday night, union meeting. Wednesday night, that course economics. Thursday night, shop committee. Friday night, that course again. Saturday night, if there wasn't mass meeting, was the only night for a movie or a lecture, a show or a concert. You had to draw breath one night in the week.

No, Sunday was the only washday, clean-up day, day for chores—darning, mending; making the lean pay envelope look like it did a fat lot more for you than it really did.

For Jennie Sunday had become a little less drudge day because Sam called. Nearly a year of Sundays brought him. He never failed. But this Sunday Jennie was nervous, excited. Will he come? Jennie's married sister, with whom she lived, had gone off for the afternoon, taking her two children with her and leaving Jennie alone. Guess her sister understood. Jennie hustled. Doubting, hoping, pushing the hours. She dropped things, did things wrong, undid, and did things over again. Thinking, did he mean it? Wasn't he really coming any more?

Jennie must have meant it, for he didn't come. Then Jennie sat down and cried. Like a baby. Just as if she'd never been steeled in struggle. All evening, thru tears, she hoped. Maybe he'll come yet. Then she fell away and slept.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

A week to drain you.

She tried to write during lunch time. Made several starts. It didn't work. She was too fatigued to think. How her back ached! Jennie wondered why she stuck in the industry anyway. Once she left it. Took a job as an Italian girl—served Chianti in an Italian restaurant. It was a nice job, too. But you were so much by yourself. Cut off. You know how it is: Where a lot of workers work together in one place you don't feel lonely. You get organized. You feel alive. The world's full of workers—men, women, boys, girls.

Just the same, Jennie now wished that she'd kept on being an Italian girl, serving Chianti in an Italian restaurant. She'd have had time to write Sam.

Well, she must wait till Sunday. Out there on Long Island, with Yetta, she'll have the whole afternoon. Free—in a quiet, restful place.

CRAZY to have jumped all over him and him so good. He didn't see all she saw, but he was good as gold. And she'd been so different with him in everything else. Mother, sweetheart, teacher—so patient! She had misgivings—letting such a long time go by, making him think maybe she didn't care. But, never mind, he'll understand.

He might have taken to younger, prettier faces, more carefree girls. He wasn't yet thirty; she well past. But he never let her remember it, because he had a serious mind. Had she been sweet and twenty, not in the thoughtful thirties, maybe he wouldn't have cared at all for her. Years don't matter between two who belong together. And they belonged. And didn't Sam see it first. She was crazy to have called names! So mean, over nothing!

THURSDAY, then another workday, then a half-day, when you work like a steam engine till you get out of the shop. It's more than half a day, only the boss don't see it. Then you rush around looking for this, that and the other little thing you need—cheap! In the Five-and-Ten mostly. Darning cotton and such, maybe. Jennie got a fresh writing tablet and hurried home. To be free on Sunday. She had Sunday's chores to do. She didn't get thru till nine-thirty. Took a bath and

dropped off to sleep the moment her head touched the pillow.

YETTA met Jennie at the little Long Island station, and a twenty-minute walk brought them to the "camp" a mile away.

"Camp" was a small stretch of field and a clump of four biggish trees, with a few scraggly sumachs at the far end. To this Yetta had added a table, a bench, an oil stove and a few cooking utensils. Just the same, it was heaven to a tired working girl. It took only a few minutes to look the whole place over.

JENNIE had thought that once she got "into the country" she'd sing, shout! She never opened her mouth. She was just too tired somehow. She and Yetta got the lunch. They pattered over the oil stove, one of them humming. But it wasn't Jennie.

After the few dishes were cleared away Yetta looked at Jennie for quite a while. Then, sticking a cushion into Jennie's arms, she said: "Here, kid, you go lie out there in the sunshine—or the shade. Anyhow, scot. If I need ye, I'll call ye."

Jennie blessed Yetta in her heart, took the cushion and her writing tablet, went as far as the field went, dropped the cushion close to a sumach tree and sank down in the long grass.

At last, the hour for writing Sam!

Let's see, how should she begin? Her eyes stared up thru the sumach to the blue sky.

She'll tell him first what was really the matter with her—why she had down off the handle. No, she couldn't do that! Maybe first she should say how sorry she is. She owes him that. Then she'll say . . .

She had thought it all out during the week. Now she couldn't remember. She gazed at the far clouds. They moved slowly. As if they, too, were tired. White, soft clouds . . . Poems of dainty muslin waiting to be made up into nice underthings . . . Funny! thinking of underthings, the few things she did up last night had taken all the tuck out of her . . . Such a feeling . . . all in! The lunch, too. So soggy! after eating she could sink. Shouldn't have taken it before writing that letter.

DANGEROUS air . . .

First she'll tell him . . .

Air like wine . . .

The shop, stifling. And such a din. Here, so still, so green! sumach tree . . . Like those in the Bronx, on the

empty lot across the street . . . She might rest on her elbow, sit up, like this.

No. You're not so tired if you lie back. Better lie back.

Dear Sam: You know I love you. You know I didn't mean a word of what I said. Forgive me. I . . .

No, she must do better than that. Begin again . . .

Air, shade, sunlight . . . Hard to think. Arms like lead . . . Funny!

ONCE, twice, Yetta called across the field. No answer. Supper time. Jennie still slept. When Jennie opened her eyes there stood Yetta before her. Yetta was saying. Damn it all, a working girl's ideal Sunday! You'll catch that train if you're in luck!

AS it turned out Jennie never wrote that letter.

It happened that Sam left town that week—hitch-hiked it out to Pittsburgh, she'd heard. Jennie worked hard and spent her evenings much as she'd always done. But Jennie wasn't the same Jennie any more.

When the strike was called Jennie threw herself into it like an army. She led the pickets, she harried the strikebreakers, she mocked the policeman's club, she lashed the strike-shirkers with her tongue till they fell into line. She was always on the dot when strikers were called together. In the hall, outside. She said things to a judge, she went to jail for some days. She came out smiling. She inspired thousands. She learned to make speeches. No, she just spoke and put it across. She was in the strike like an army.

A rise in wages? Good. Better working conditions? Good. But two rest days in the week—Jennie went fighting mad for that!

No wonder they called her the Red Striker.

WAS the strike won? Yes.

Which industry? No fair telling. If you knew maybe you'd recognize Jennie. Better not. And, by the way, her name isn't Jennie.

"Five-six-seven-eight! Whom do we appreciate? Jennie!"

Funny, how I find myself sticking that in.

Guess it's because I heard the crowd sing-singing it when I came into the strike meeting that day Jennie was introduced to me.

No rumor yet of Sam's return. But here's hoping.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

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Edited by Dorothy Red, Minneapolis.

Johnny Red, Assistant.



A STORY
By DOROTHY RED
Minneapolis, Minn.

Leo's father was a Rabbi in Russia, a peddler in this country. Leo was the smallest of five children. His oldest brother was a tailor and a good red union man.

Leo went to school and was the brightest in the class but the teacher always gave him bad marks because he would not believe some of the things she said. She said that Washington was better to the poor working man than Lincoln and that every child had the same chance to become president or a millionaire like Ford or Rockefeller.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a hunk of pie.
The reason the hunk
was so stale and punk
—Because he was
a poor guy.—
G. V.—Toledo, O.

Barnard Mazarov
of New York sends us this one:

Frankie said to Jimmy: "Coolidge helps all the workers and even the Passaic strikers."

Jimmy said: "Gee, you still believe in fairy tales don't you?"

That's good Barney. Send us some more!

OH BOY!

Fred Long of Denver sent in:
THE BOSS

A boss I know
He's round and fat
His pants hang low
Just where he sat.

The boss grows fat
And fatter each day
His men at work
Get thin on their pay.

The men I know
Will grab their hat
Some day and kick
The boss where he sat.

Oh my, oh moy,
now what do you
think of Freddie's
fresh little poem?
Come again Freddie.

NEXT WEEK
Poems and stories
and everything.
Get next Saturday's issue.

The Theater Season In Moscow--1925-1926

By Ruth Epperson Kennell.



The State Ballet, Costume Design

BING chiefly interested in finding something new in Moscow theaters, we shall not here consider the "Bolshoi," for in this great opera house of red and gold the ballet and opera continue much as in pre-revolutionary days. Kings and queens, fairies and mermaids appear in magnificent costumes in settings the grandeur of which leaves one breathless; huge choruses of townsfolk fill the stage with colors, swans sail in a blue background, ballet dancers float like clouds in their filmy skirts. The main difference now is that there are no kings and queens, lords and ladies in the audience.

And to those who thought that the old Moscow Art Theater was actually presenting a "revolutionary" play at the opening of the season, "Pugachevshina," the historic tragedy of the bandit leader, was disappointing. It has no revolutionary appeal and at the same time falls short of the classic standard of Stanislavsky's theater. The play depicts a rising in Siberia 150 years ago, when Pugachev played the role of the legendary "Czar Peter" and was accepted by the oppressed people as their deliverer. Moskvin as Pugachev does not create a sympathetic character, and the play itself makes of him a weak adventurer. The fourth scene alone lives in the memory: the inhabitants of a village welcome the approach of Pugachev as their last hope, but in place of a deliverer, a detachment of czarist troops appears and in punishment for their rebellion one out of every three hundred inhabitants is executed. The setting—which follows the almost crude simplicity of the other scenes—the desolate village on the steppes, the poor huts, the crushed people, leaves an impression of the hopeless life of the Russian peasants before the revolution.

But in a little theater in the Arbat, the third studio of the Art Theater, we find the classic art of the past linking itself with the present. The splendor of what was formerly a palatial residence creates an appropriate environment for the versatile art of these gifted players. On one night they give you a fantastic fairy tale like "Princess Turadet," which holds all the childhood thrills in lovely princesses and charming princes, taking the audience into their confidence by changing their costumes and sets before your eyes; or perhaps they give you an old French melodrama like "Marion de Lorm," in which they play with such emotional intensity that you weep luxuriously—and then on the very next night you see them in a play of today whose realism hurts. "Verenea," which, from the point of view of conventional drama, is the best play of the season.

"Verenea" has been dramatized from the novel by Lydia Sifulina. The scene of the story is a village in the period previous to and just after the

October revolution. The characters are everyday types of villagers, so real that they seem, all unawares, to have been transported from their village to the stage. Verenea is the type of village girl often found in Russia, strong, gracefully poised and independent; in her full, winsome face both fire and tenderness. And this splendid young creature is married to a weakling and is a domestic drudge for him and his harsh mother.

The first act ends with her rebellion and final departure from the squalid one-room home, from the whining husband and the nagging mother-in-law scolding her from her bed on top of the brick stove—out into the darkness of the village, where, afar off, can be heard a chorus of young voices singing.

A member of a fanatical religious sect has announced that God will summon him to die on a certain day. In the next scene we have a winding road with a fence, a piece of the thatched roof, steps and a section of the room of his log cottage. The other members are preparing his bed; against the wall stands his wooden coffin. Outside are gathered the villagers. The deacon standing before the roster announces importantly: "The death will now take place" and

approval she springs up indignantly. Left alone by her companions, defiant, a little drunk, she is just in the mood for the chief engineer of the village factory, who has more than once made unsuccessful advances to her, and abandons herself to his kisses. In this compromising situation the deserted husband finds her, and mad with grief and jealousy, he appeals to the half-insane old prophet to do that which he is too weak to do himself. The scene ends with the murder of the engineer in the gathering darkness of the lonely road.

Verenea has undertaken to look after the house of a neighbor who has been called to the bedside of her wounded husband. Pavel drops in to talk with Verenea about taking care of his motherless children. Pavel is a heavy, dependable type, so natural that he seems quite accidentally to have dropped into the play. Verenea, having learned something of men, tells him that she does not want to be his servant and mistress. He answers that he quite agrees with her: a woman is a free human being who has a right to earn her living and love whom she chooses. They are both young, and if they should want one another, well and good, but that has nothing to do with her work.



The Big (Bolshoi) Theater, Moscow

placing her kerchief, looks pleased with herself.

Verenea is sitting in Pavel's home. She is wearing a new holiday dress of white cotton with a pattern of small flowers. The widow, entering, starts to cross herself and, seeing no altar, spits instead. Her open hatred of the Bolsheviks exasperates Verenea to the point where she throws her neighbor out. Pavel, observing only this part of the controversy, comes in and scolds her for her violence. Verenea laughs and, sitting down beside him, tells him that she is expecting a baby. They begin laughing happily like two children. Then he seizes her and kisses her, swears and throws his hat on the floor with great fervor. A brief moment of happiness—and then to the serious business of life. He must go away at once; the whites are coming. With a stricken face she prepares his knapsack and then stands waiting for the simple farewell. At the door, turning once more to look at her, he lifts his hand and brings it down at his side in a gesture of suppressed grief.

The last scene takes place some months later in the house of Pavel. Verenea enters carrying a bundle. She has been in prison and gave birth to her baby in the hospital. One of the Bolshevik girls comes in with three comrades. Verenea begs the men to undertake a dangerous mission to Pavel in the woods. They turn away in fear, but her scorn overwhelms them and at last they agree. When they have gone, she lifts the baby, her face radiant with tenderness. But outside we see her friend creeping to the window. In a hoarse voice she warns Verenea to leave at once. Verenea hands the bundle to the old nurse and runs out. On her bed on top of the stove the old woman, her head lifted in an attitude of tense waiting, begins crooning a lullaby. Almost at once two rough soldiers led by the Menshevik and the kulak enter the yard and bang at the door. The crooning stops sharply. Finding no trace of Verenea in the room, they hold a conference.

"Wait," says the sleek kulak, stroking his beard, "she will come back. The baby must have its milk."

When they have gone, the old woman blows out the lamp and the place is in utter darkness. The crooning begins again. Gradually the light of morning comes. The two soldiers can be distinguished sitting against a tree. At last, in the growing light, the figure of Verenea approaches, moving stealthily toward the door, toward the baby waiting for its food. She is seized, she frees herself, turns and runs—into the arms of the other soldier. A brief struggle and she falls. The two soldiers creep away, clinging in terror to one another. A far-off chorus of boys and girls returning from some festival dies away.



C. S. STANISLAVSKY
Co-director Moscow Art Theater



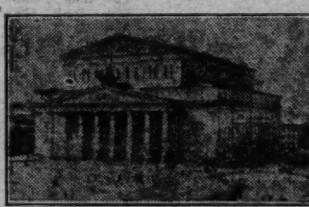
"Turandot" as produced by Moscow Art Theater, First Studio

the prophet, his huge figure clothed in white linen, takes a lighted taper and lies down. The others take lighted tapers and begin chanting. The villagers draw nearer to watch thru window and door.

At this point there comes a long intermission, during which the audience, as is the European custom, gravely promenades thru the rooms of the mansion. The audience is "NEP" in character, for in spite of fifty per cent reductions to trade-unions, a great many workers cannot afford to come.

While we have been promenading, drinking tea in the tapestried dining hall and eating apples, the people in our drama have been waiting for the prophet to die. The curtain parts on the weary watchers. Candles are beginning to splutter, and tired heads to droop. The skeptical young people, among them Verenea, begin shouting ribald remarks. Suddenly, raising himself, the prophet attacks the two kulaks nearby, drives the frightened watchers out, throws after them the stand, the ikon, and lastly the coffin, and then curses the God who betrayed him. The boys and girls, lifting the coffin on their shoulders, form a rakish procession, and the accordion breaks into a merry tune as they pass out of sight.

The fourth scene is a country cross-road. By the fence sits a crowd of young men and women singing. They have been drinking and are very hilarious. A slender youth in a red rubashka plays on his accordion the most sentimental of Russian village songs and, leaning amorously on one another, the boys and girls sing. Pavel, the Communist, comes down the steps at the cross-road and turns to look at Verenea, who is sitting against the shoulder of a strapping youth. At his stern words of dis-



Facade of Moscow Art Theater

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

By V. F. CALVERTON.

IN contemporary American literature there are few dramas and fewer novels that deal with the class struggle in a definite or direct fashion. All of them, however, reveal its influence in both style and substance.

The cry attributed to Challapin, "I am neither bourgeois nor proletarian. I am an artist," no longer arrests, since we know that art is dependent as much upon social life for its conceptions as is politics or philosophy, and the artist, therefore, is neither free of social compulsions nor aloof from social struggles. It is because art seems so removed into a blue-mist world of illusion that the connection between its substance and that of the social world is so seldom detected.

In the novels of the nineteenth century the virtues and ambitions of the bourgeoisie were extolled. Toward the end of the century proletarian sentimentalists began to multiply. With the 20th century a distinct anti-bourgeois trend had developed in art.

Theodore Dreiser is an expression of that anti-bourgeois trend. Dreiser is no proletarian. He is neither class-conscious nor class-inspired. Altho his heroes very often represent the period of individualistic development and achievement that belong to the early days of capitalism, Dreiser's whole attitude toward the ethics of the bourgeoisie is one of disgust and detestation. The smugness of bourgeois virtue he scorns. The religiosity of the Victorian bourgeoisie he ridicules with callous gesture. The money-madness of our civilization he records with weary contempt. In the optimism of the 19th century bourgeois—

"The snail's on the thorn,
The bird's on the wing,
God's in his heaven.
All's well with the world—"

he sees only hollow rhetoric. Dreiser represents the spirit of social decadence. Futility is his dominant note. Faith has fled. Social reconstruction appears but a myth. He has no hope, no aim—only an unreluctant resignation to futility. The proletariat means nothing more to him than the bourgeoisie. Men as a whole do not awaken in him the promise of prophecy. Progress is a delusion.

Yet in his very contempt for man Dreiser paints life in patterns that have social significance. That is why one should read "An American Tragedy," which is his latest and best novel, and which is the most effective literary achievement of a contemporary American.

"An American Tragedy" does not deal with the life of the proletariat, altho its hero is never more than a minor foreman in a collar factory. Its tragedy is one of sex and social aspiration. Clyde Griffiths, the son of religious parents, after an automobile catastrophe that drove him from his home town, finally finds work and a mistress in his uncle's establishment. Pregnancy converted his mistress from a source of pleasure into an organ of pain. His aim to marry Sondra, a girl in rich society, is endangered by the pregnancy of his mistress, who threatens to disclose their liaison. Clyde, driven by ambition, arranges a scene for the murder of his mistress, loses his courage at the crucial moment, but finally allows Roberta to drown when their boat is capsized. He is tried, convicted and electrocuted.

The story is simple, and aside from its sex candor is not peculiarly modern in spirit or peculiarly original in structure. Its protagonist is a character of weak, irresponsible type, whose aspirations are devoted neither to the promise and passion of the poetic life nor to the elusive task of reshaping an unjust and joyless world. Its substance is not new and its situations, taken in outline, savor of the melodramatic. On its face, it promises little to poet or prophet.

It was Voltaire, however, who wrote in his preface to *Herod and Marianne* that—

expression of them that the man of genius is easily discerned from the wit, and the poet from the scribbler."

And art is concerned fundamentally with the emotions and not the intellect.

"When the passions are to be described, nearly the same ideas occur to everybody; but it is in the intellect. Art is devoted to the projection of the passions in their relationship to their social origins, limitations and developments. And it is in Dreiser's description of the passions, his expression of them, his choice of observation to interpret them, that makes him a genius instead of a wit, that makes "An American Tragedy" a colossal creation instead of a mediocre melodrama.

"An American Tragedy" is not written in an arresting style that detains thru sheer joy of rhythm or pure euphony of phrase. Like all of Dreiser's novels, it is written in a halting, circumlocutory, obese prose. In places, however, Dreiser has outwitted himself and actually achieved the elegant. The addition and multiplication of phrases and parentheses, nevertheless, gives a formidable solidity to the book that a more finished, fragile stylist would have been unable to create. As in the novels of Zola, the indefatigable collection of detail, the slow, steady accretion of infinitesimal

parts, lends to the narrative a realism that is almost photographically complete and which in the process of interpretation acquires artistic power.

If one is anxious to see American literature grow out of its adolescence into maturity, one cannot ignore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Dreiser is a transitional novelist. His contempt for the bourgeoisie stands out in sharp contrast to the adoration of the bourgeoisie which characterized the novels of William Deane Howells, the leading American fictionist of the last half of the 19th and the first part of the 20th century. From this transitional literature will eventually spring a genuine proletarian literature—already palpitating in embryo—which will combine hatred of the bourgeoisie with appreciation of the proletariat.



Send us the name and address of a progressive worker to whom we can send a sample copy of *The DAILY WORKER*.

In the Next Issue

The Little Red School House, by Oliver Carlson. With photographs and illustrations.

Meditations of a Cherry Picker, by Pauline Schulman.

The Great American Labor Struggles of the 1880's, by Amy Schechter. Photostats of labor papers and events of that period.

The Confessions of an Agent Pro-
vocateur. A sensational document on the terroristic activities of the Pilsudsky government in Poland. Reproductions of paintings by Polish artists.

Textile Contrasts by Ramon Coffman. Ramon Coffman is the "Uncle Ray" of newspaper fame. He is the author of the "Childs' History of the World." His article in the next issue of this magazine is an intimate picture of life of the American textile workers.

Introducing Mr. H. C. Frayne, by V. Zack. A clever little pen portrait of a typical labor fakir.

A Captain of Industry, by Max Schachman. A review of the book "Men and Rubber," by Harvey S. Firestone.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

